



NOW —

WE ARE GOING TO FIGHT!



Double your Enjoyment during the New Year with the

"bonus year" TEN HIGH

Like this luscious peach,
RIPENED JUST RIGHT—
year after year,
after year, after year!



This whiskey is 4 years old.

We've waited an *extra* year to give you the "bonus year" TEN HIGH.

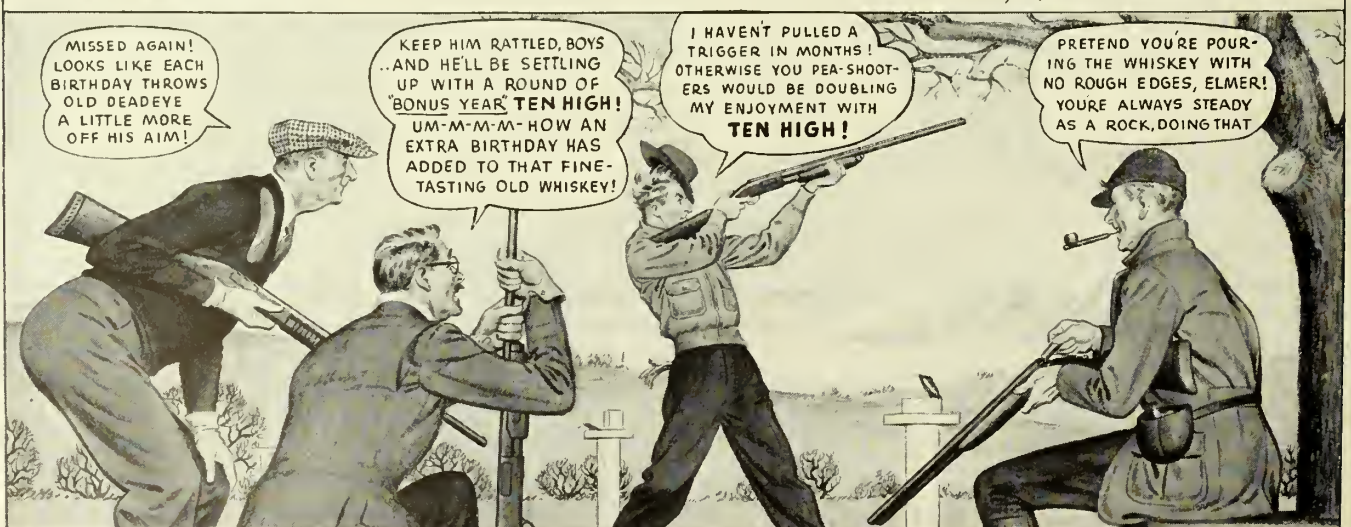
And, mister, when you taste the detectable goodness added by that extra year, you'll say, "There's a birthday worth celebrating!" That includes you millions of TEN HIGH drinkers who didn't think this whiskey *could* taste better.

You'll find all the old-time satisfaction in the "bonus year" TEN HIGH—plus a bonus of flavor that *Doubles Your Enjoyment!* Straight Bourbon Whiskey. 86 proof. Copr. 1942, Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

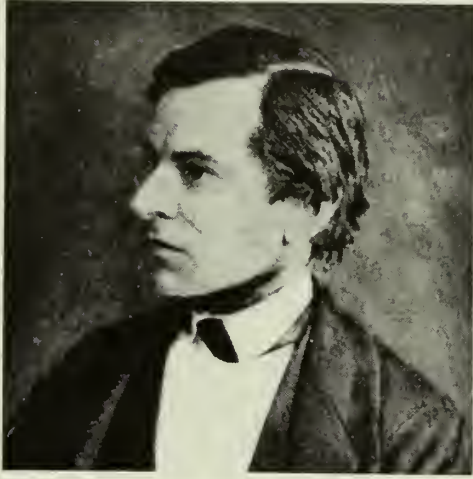


"THE RIBBERS"

by Glen Fleischmann



We are coming, **FATHER ABRAHAM**



By

**BOYD B.
STUTLER**

FEW of the war songs that have struck popular favor have been written about war, and very few songs of hate have survived the war or the incident that gave them birth. None of these last deserved to live. The songs that have lived are those of inspiration, patriotism, or fiery devotion to an ideal or to an individual character. It is in these homely vehicles for the expression of a national emotion that millions have found courage, hope, faith and inspiration in our times of greatest trials.

There's little or none of the martial spirit in "Yankee Doodle," "Dixie," "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," "The Long, Long Trail," or that prime favorite of the men who fought the war of 1917-1918, "Hinkey, Dinkey, Parley-voo." Yet there is none who will deny a place right up close to the top for each in its time and generation. They still live.

A new war and a new crop of war songs are with us. Tunesmiths and lyric writers are already at work turning out a constant stream of compositions, hoping that lightning will strike. Tin Pan Alley knows that, when all is said and done, it is the men in service who will determine the songs the nation will sing, for all of the juke-box and radio plugging; and they know, too, that the tune must have a simple lilt and rhythmic

Three hundred thousand more.
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore;
We leave our ploughs and workshops, our wives and children dear,
With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear;
We dare not look behind us, but steadfastly before—
We are coming, Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

If you look across the hill tops that meet the northern sky,
Long morning lines of rising dust your vision may descrie;
And now the wind an instant tears the cloudy veil aside,
And floats aloft our spangled flag, in glory and in pride;
And bayonets in the sunlight gleam, and bands brave music pour,
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

If you look all up our valleys where the growing harvests shine,
You may see our sturdy farmer boys fast forming into line;
And 'tis from their mother's knees are pulling at the weeds,
And learning how to reap and sow, against their country's needs,
And a farewell growl—stands weeping at every cottage door—
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

You have called us and we're coming, by Richmond's bloody tide,
To lay us down for freedom's sake, our brothers' bones beside;
Or from foul treason's sordid grasp to wrench the murderous blade,
And in the face of foreign foes its fragments to parade.
Six hundred thousand loyal men and true have gone before—
We are coming Father Abraham three hundred thousand more!

Original script of a song marched into meter by a Quaker patriot in one of the nation's darkest hours. Upper left, James Sloan Gibbons, the author*

swing that will, as Grant White once said, seize upon the popular imagination and stick to the ear as burrs stick to the skirt of a blackberry girl. They know, too, that the new song that will take the nation and will live in the hearts of the people need not in any way depend upon the literary quality of its lyric for a place in popular favor. It may be that the stately lines of Julia Ward Howe's "Battle Hymn of the Republic" would have scant chance in a 1942 jazz-minded Tin Pan Alley. Such a stately lyric would probably be needled and streamlined and emerge as something with the tinny rattle of George Cohan's "Over There."

The American Civil War of the Sixties

gave the setting for America's golden age of war songs: songs that live and are as much a part of our heritage as any act of the Founding Fathers. There's "Dixie," "Battle Hymn of the Republic," "Maryland, My Maryland," "When Johnny Comes Marching Home," and a dozen others that are played and sung by Americans young and old whenever groups get together. And that is not to mention such highly personal songs as "Three Hundred Thousand More," addressed to President Abraham Lincoln, which quickly took a new title of an even more personal import: "We Are Coming, Father Abraham." True it is that the song sang itself out with the thinning ranks of the soldiers of the Sixties and the generation that had known Father Abraham as a be-

(Continued on page 36)

* Reproduction of the original manuscript through courtesy of Walter R. Benjamin, New York City. Portrait of James Sloan Gibbons from New York Historical Society, New York City.



Vol. 32, No. 2

EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING OFFICES
15 West 48th St., New York City

THE January issue of this magazine was on the press when the infamous Japanese attack on Hawaii forced war upon us. In the circumstances, with the issue reaching members of the great Legion family three weeks or more after the beginning of hostilities it became necessary for us to make changes in the magazine, and rather quickly. The art editor cut in on the drawing of the grim-looking youngster labeled 1942 which made up the front cover, and inserted a notice concerning the clarion call to service issued to all Legionnaires by National Commander Stambaugh. On the first page of the magazine proper was a discussion of the war powers of the President of the United States in peacetime which Professor John W. Curran of the Law School of De Paul University in Chicago had contributed. The illustrations used with that article proved remarkably pat for the editorial

A form for your convenience if you wish to have the magazine sent to another address will be found on page 45.

The U. S. at War, which was substituted on page one and continued to the back of the magazine (the publishing term is *the back of the book*), where Professor

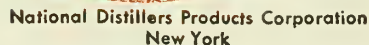
(Continued on page 48)

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion, Copyright 1942 by The American Legion. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the act of March 3, 1879. Lynn U. Stambaugh, Indianapolis, Ind., is the National Commander, Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission: Vilas R. Whaley, Revere, Mass., Vice Chairman. Members of Commission: Phil Conley, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond Fields, Guthrie, Okla.; Jerry Owen, Salem, Ore.; Harry C. Jackson, New Britain, Conn.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Robert W. Colfesh, Des Moines, Ia.; Dr. William F. Murphy, Palestine, Tex.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Elmer Nelson, Milford, Mass.; William B. Fischel, Philadelphia, Pa.; Claude S. Ramsey, Raleigh, N. C.; Glenn H. Campbell, Cleveland, O.; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.

Cleveland, O.: Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.
Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Butler; Art Director, Edward M. Stevenson; Associate Editor, John J. Noll.

Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

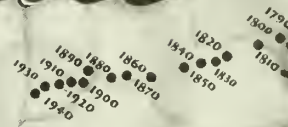
The AMERICAN LEGION *Magazine*



Our center of population, from 1790 to 1940. Left, Prof. Cogshall at the present center on a Hoosier farm



Absolute Center-U.S.A.



ON NOVEMBER 18, 1941, an elderly astronomy professor from Indiana University put on his rubbers and tramped into a little grove of hard maple, hickory and walnut trees on a southern Indiana farm, to "shoot the sun" with an old-fashioned mariner's sextant. He moved east fifty yards, west half that distance, backed up a little to the north. Then he kicked a deep heel-print into the soft earth, and having thus marked the spot, picked up a handful of dead maple branches and piled them carefully over it.

Thus for the fifth time in forty years Professor W. A. Cogshall had found the exact center of population for the U. S. A. He paced off the distance to the nearest maple tree, tore a sheet from his notebook, and with a pencil stub wrote in tall, firm letters, "*Center of Population 75 feet due West of this Tree.*" He tacked it to the rough bark, then trudged a quarter mile back to the highway.

Every ten years the federal census bureau lists the longitude and latitude of every man, woman and child in the nation. Its statisticians add these together, find a mean, and send it to Professor Cogshall. Armed with his sextant, the 68-year-old Hoosier astronomer sets out, shoots sun or stars, finds the exact spot, marks it, and months later a crew of masons sets up a stone monument there.

Center of population has moved fourteen miles southwest in the last ten years. It lies now in a pleasant rolling pasture on a 244-acre farm, two and a half miles east of the village of Carlisle in Sullivan County, just north of Indiana State Road 58. The history and environment of the place, its ownership and use, the people who live on it and near it are so typical of America that there is something almost prophetic in that sheet of paper tacked to the tree.

By

KARL DETZER

Carlisle, the nearest village, has 850 inhabitants and has doubled in population in 50 years. It has a branch bank, three churches, a movie theatre, a chain store and half a dozen filling stations, a grain elevator down by the railroad tracks, and it complains that passenger train service isn't as good as it was before the State built a concrete road through town.

The farm where Professor Cogshall shot the sun is owned by two brothers, Gilbert and Ralph Corbin, and is managed by their father, J. R. Corbin, a lean, energetic 71-year-old Hoosier who might have stepped out of a book by Tarkington. He has keen, level eyes, a slow mid-American drawl, a native

shrewdness and self-sufficiency, and he "don't know much about the neighbors and don't bother them any."

The owner-brothers are farm-bred, but live in cities now, Gilbert traveling for a Philadelphia chemical house, Ralph selling Palm Beach clothes. They leave the management of the acres to their father, but return to it in the fall to spend their vacations hunting, so the old man has planted twelve acres in millet and cane as a shelter for quail, and "the boys find the shooting pretty good."

There's an eleven-room white house with ornate porches and long windows that come down to the floor and "make drafts," according to J. R. Corbin, who disapproves of them. Neighbors can't remember when the house was built, but the architecture indicates that Grant might have been President when it was new.

Part of the house is occupied now by Chancy Bennett and his family, who object to the local notoriety the place has taken on since the population center moved uninvited to these acres. Bennett, a small, sandy, red-faced farm-hand, is "A-Number-One with stock and hogs," according to the elder Corbin, "but has to be handled with kid gloves." Good labor is hard to get in that section of Indiana, hard to keep, and feeling its power, it can be both irascible and domineering. So the center of population, like the rest of the nation, has its labor problems.

The farm is doing very well now, after a checkered career. A former owner, riding the crest of prosperity in the 1920's, put in a nine-hole golf course

(Continued on page 47)



Prof. W. A. Cogshall, who authenticated the center of population as a spot two and a half miles east of Carlisle, Indiana

HOW CAN I HELP?

A FEW ANSWERS TO THE QUESTION EVERY AMERICAN IS ASKING

THERE are many tough and thankless jobs in this man's—and woman's—war, Mr. and Mrs. Legionnaire, and they're made to your measure—if you still "can take it." War is different now, you know, vastly different. Remember, that's what we said back in '17 to veterans of other wars? Now it's being said to us. Nevertheless, this new war is brutal and ugly, a fact which can be adequately and safely faced only by the largest and most thoroughly co-ordinated organization for civilian protection this world has ever seen. Such an organization is the United States Office of Civilian Defense, created May 20, 1941, by Executive Order of President Roosevelt, and offering in the vastness of its scope literally thousands of different jobs to be done by millions of volunteers.

But don't forget, these war-time jobs aren't easy. You perform them in addition to your everyday work—a three-hour stretch as Auxiliary Policeman, guarding an aqueduct in the middle of the night, or you're on post in Aircraft Warning Service; cold, raw spots, like the Argonne, but minus the compensatorily blood-warming feeling that at any moment Fritz might start something. Your uniform, for the present, will consist of an emblematic armband, and some day, perhaps, you'll get a tin hat, or you may dig your old one out of the attic. You're in the army of *passive*



AUXILIARY POLICE



BASIC INSIGNIA



STAFF CORPS

By
A. D.
RATHBONE IV

defense, and for the moment our fast-growing army of *active* defense is the one that needs and will get equipment.

There's no I.D.R. in this civilian outfit; there are no regimental reviews, parades, or bands, and the top-kick is just another gent like yourself, who works for a living, does his defense job, too—and neither of you gets paid for that. And if he does happen to rank you, in all probability it's because, long before Pearl Harbor, he began putting in from two to four hours a week attending night classes to learn the tricks of his new trade.

Because this business of defense of a democracy is something that cannot be deputized, there are three generalized branches of service in one of which every able-bodied man and woman in the

United States and its possessions can play his or her part. They are: the armed forces, the productive forces, the protection of civilians. The first needs no amplification. The second is concerned not only with production of guns, shells, tanks, and planes, but also with food, clothing, fuel, and practically all of the other neces-

sities of the nation's life.

Civilian defense is not directed at enemy people or planes; its aim is to make us strong enough and sufficiently well organized (1) to defeat the purpose of an enemy air raid, which is to create terror, havoc, panic, and suffering among the non-combatant population in order to force surrender on our Government; (2) to enable us to guard ourselves against sabotage and the termitic activities of fifth columns, things that can and do happen on the coasts, in the interior, anywhere; (3) to care for and strengthen the health and morale of all of us, to insure our general welfare, and to maintain the proper level of such important items as nutrition, education, recreation. A healthy people of high morale just won't be licked. Ask the man from Coventry, Pearl Harbor other points in Hawaii.

Simultaneously with the activation of the Office of Civilian Defense, The American Legion became closely identified, both as to operations and personnel. From the offices of the Director, who is New York City's Mayor,

There's a job for you in this all-out war. Read this article—the most important ever published by this magazine—then get your neighbors and friends to help do the job, for victory



ENROLLEE FIRST CLASS



MEDICAL CORPS



SQUAD LEADER



NURSES AIDES CORPS



SECTION LEADER

Legionnaire Fiorello H. LaGuardia, and Deputy Director, T. Semmes Walmsley, Chairman of the 1922 National Convention at New Orleans, all the way down the line to the latest enrollees in fire, police, and warden units, in canteen service, motor corps, and nutrition groups, are to be found American Legion men and women. Henry H. (Hank) Dudley, formerly Nebraska's Department Adjutant, later a Field Secretary in the Legion's National Rehabilitation Service, was "drafted" from his latest Legion job as head of the Division of Civilian Defense at National Headquarters by Director LaGuardia to take charge of the O.C.D. Veterans' Groups Division.

In nine regional offices, corresponding in area and jurisdictional extent to the nine Army Corps Areas, will be found Regional Directors, seven of whom are Legionnaires, including Past National Commanders Colonel Franklin D'Olier and Major Raymond J. Kelly. Hundreds of others, members of the Legion or the Auxiliary, at once became active in the establishment and organization of state, county, and community defense councils, in the training of other civilians for their share in the myriad of jobs to be done.

On November 14, 1941, Director LaGuardia addressed the following letter to the Governor of each State:

"My dear Governor: In the civilian protection work there is an



BOMB SQUAD



AUXILIARY FIREMEN



FIRE WATCHER



RESCUE PARTY



ROAD REPAIR CREW



DECONTAMINATION CORPS



DEMOLITION & CLEARANCE CREW



MESSANGER



DRIVERS CORPS



AIR RAID WARDEN



EMERGENCY FOOD AND HOUSING

opportunity to utilize to great advantage the experience gained in the last World War by ex-service men throughout the country. Many of these men having been under fire would, in the event of an emergency, prove most useful in leadership, as well as to great advantage in instruction.

"I have no doubt that many of these ex-service men are already used by you in the organization of these protective services. It is my belief that their increasing use would tend to develop their full leadership and if they should be chosen, first for instruction, and then utilized by the States and localities, you would be able to get the maximum benefit from them.

"All of the veterans' organizations have tendered their services to me, which I now in turn urge you to use. While I would not restrict their services just to the protective branches, I would certainly see to it that they are given a particular mission to do on this very essential and important branch of civilian defense.

"For the immediate utilization of their services as air raid wardens and aircraft warning service they may be called upon to take the lead and may be asked to urge younger men exempt from military service to join them. This will encourage men of non-military training to join in the effort. Sincerely yours, F. H. LaGuardia, U. S. Director of Civilian Defense."

In short, the organization and operation of a great, nation-wide defense council—as far-flung and as divergent as the Army we used to be in—for the war-time protection of United States civilians is, and has been since its inception, a "natural" for the Legion and the Legion Auxiliary. And now, more than at any previous time, the need for leadership, "first for instruction, and then utilized for the

States and the localities," is greater than ever before. To become more specific, to answer the pertinent and personal question: "How can I help?" let's get down to cases; let's take this Civilian Defense business apart and look at the requirements. We've highlighted the "why" and the "what" of population protection. Now let's see how it works.

From top to bottom the O.C.D. is strictly a civil affair, co-operating with the armed forces, but directly under the guidance and command of the heads of civil governing units, such as the Governors of the 48 States, mayors or selectmen in cities, town, villages, and supervisors in counties or rural areas. Each civilian defense organization, whether in a metropolitan area, a smaller city, or throughout the general countryside, is an entity unto itself—a division, a regiment, a company, a squad, if you will, that has been assigned its own sector, the large or the small community in which it lives, in the far-flung battle fronts of today.

Collaborating with the head of the governmental unit is a council composed of representatives of all phases of civil life, plus an executive director, whose job is to co-ordinate the multitude of interests. Besides the veterans' organizations and the American Red Cross, these include labor and trade associations, patriotic and fraternal societies, civic and educational bodies, professional groups, churches, women's, and youth's clubs. In short, the whole community is in this picture. Enlistments will be accepted from individuals or from entire organizations, such as Posts of The American Legion or Units of the Auxiliary, but it must be understood that the head of the local defense council, be he mayor or selectman, remains the commanding officer and issues all orders. In other words, while a Legion Post may enlist en masse in the Air Warden Service, each member from then on works as an individual member of that service and takes his orders from the duly accredited officers of the Defense Council.

Our new national civilian army and each of its thousands of component defense councils has two departments: the Combat, or Emergency Division, and the Community, or Long-Range Division. The first requires careful preliminary organization and, for some types of units, intensive training of personnel. It sees action in (*Continued on page 50*)

BESIDE THE ANGELS OF MERCY

THE American Red Cross is the American people. Its motherhood in times of trouble and distress embraces us all. Legionnaires, now as in 1918, are doing valiant service in its behalf.

The war crisis finds members of the great Legion family manning watch towers, on lookout for enemy planes in dead earnest.

It finds them giving blood to be reduced to blood plasma and flown to sites of disaster and danger.

It finds them taking charge of relief and rescue crews which must be held in readiness against havoc in a thousand communities.

It finds them helping to lead and rally the people in a great national outpouring of funds and equipment for the Red Cross—not a sacrifice, but a pledge of devotion.

"The American Red Cross is again on the job!" That is how National Commander Lynn U. Stambaugh summed it up in his message of December 13th, joining in the appeal for a \$50,000,000 Red Cross war fund.

Mrs. Mark W. Murrill, National President of the American Legion Auxiliary, called personally on Red Cross Chairman Norman H. Davis, to notify him that the Auxiliary had voted \$1,400 for a Red Cross mobile unit, to be used as an ambulance, blood-donor unit, or canteen. Other mobile units will be given as needed, she announced.

In Hawaii and the Philippines, Red Cross workers carried out extensive evacuation of civilians from danger zones immediately following the first attacks on Black Sunday, December 7. They were indeed "Angels of Mercy." Relief was provided for wounded and homeless. Emergency medical stations, equipped and ready, swung into immediate action.

When war and disaster strike, the Red Cross must meet them with its work of mercy. Not a week goes by, even in peacetime, but some American community must have help. And behind the unceasing drama of preparedness against sudden death lies a story that never has been detailed—the story of the teamwork between the Legion and the Red Cross in times of emergency.

Some years ago, after a cyclone had cut a murderous swath across three States, Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes inquired as to how the Red Cross managed to get to the scene of trouble so quickly. "The Red Cross," an official replied, "doesn't have to *get there* any more. It *is* there." I can think of no better way to describe the promptness with which The American Legion answers a Red Cross emergency call.

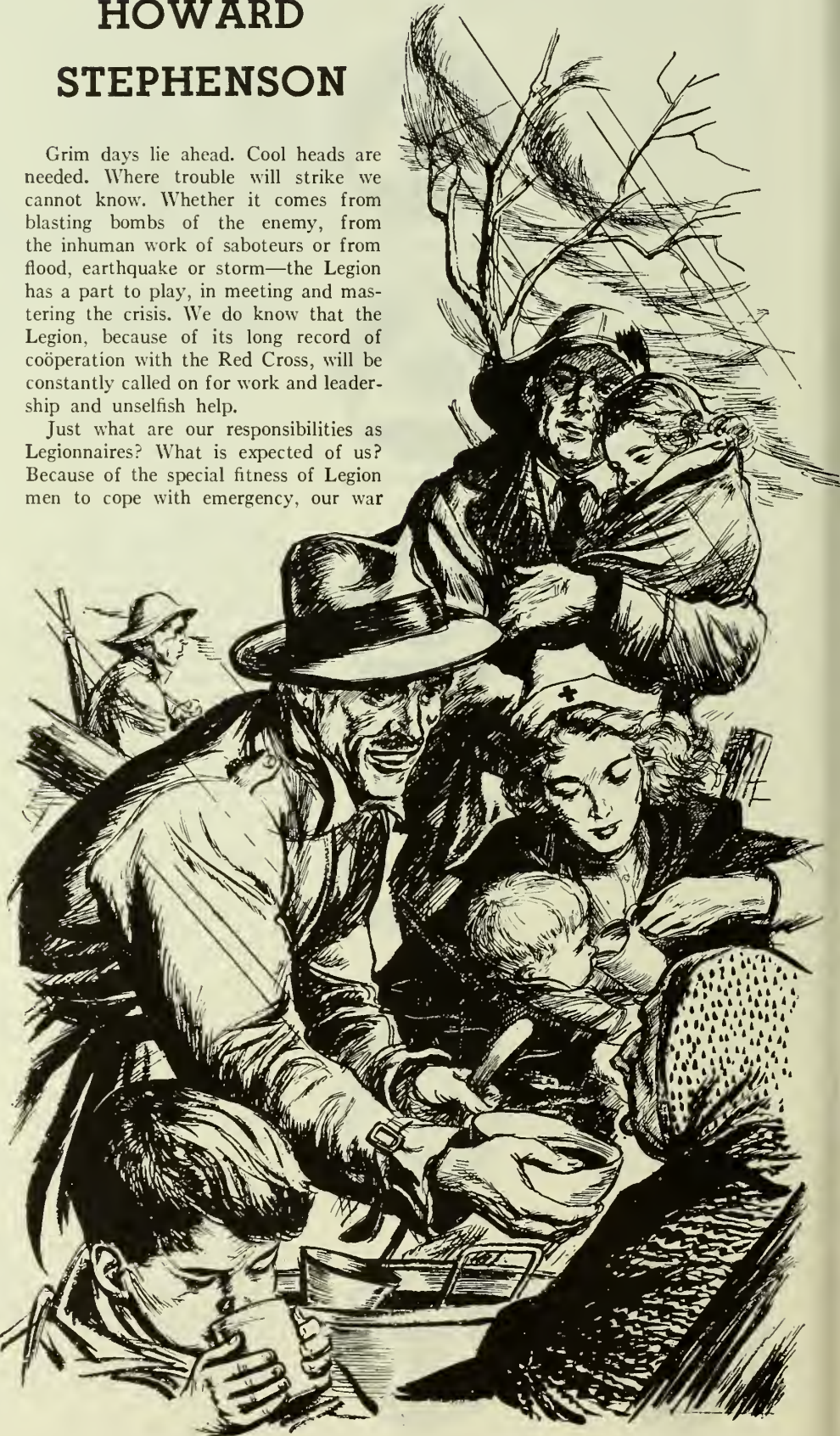
By

HOWARD
STEPHENSON

Illustrated by
GREGOR DUNCAN

Grim days lie ahead. Cool heads are needed. Where trouble will strike we cannot know. Whether it comes from blasting bombs of the enemy, from the inhuman work of saboteurs or from flood, earthquake or storm—the Legion has a part to play, in meeting and mastering the crisis. We do know that the Legion, because of its long record of coöperation with the Red Cross, will be constantly called on for work and leadership and unselfish help.

Just what are our responsibilities as Legionnaires? What is expected of us? Because of the special fitness of Legion men to cope with emergency, our war



\$50,000,000 FOR THE RED CROSS

OUR PRESIDENT: The American National Red Cross has been spending funds at the rate of more than one million dollars a month, which is but a small fraction of the amount the organization now requires. . . . I appeal to the American people to make this campaign an overwhelming success.

OUR NATIONAL COMMANDER: We are engulfed in another great war. During its course and in its wake will come a deluge of human grief. The American Red Cross is again on the job. . . . I am calling on the 11,780 posts and 1,130,000 members of The American Legion to respond to this \$50,000,000 appeal from the Red Cross as their first service for God and Country in the present emergency.

AND HOW ABOUT YOU?

work is expected to be handled with greater coolness, more effectiveness, less lost motion than in the case of untrained civilians. To a great extent, relief work we are called on to perform will follow the lines of the disaster work in which thousands of Legionnaires have been engaged in peacetime emergencies, working with the Red Cross. For even in ordinary years, a new disaster occurs every third day, somewhere in the United States.

The Red Cross, rightly, is the central directing agency. The Legion is the wheelhorse of the team. The aid it gives

is no casual, haphazard thing. By formal agreement made between the Legion and the Red Cross in 1938, definite disaster duties have been assumed officially by the Legion—duties on the part of national and regional headquarters, and reaching down to every individual Post.

What are the Legion's official duties in emergency? To avoid duplication of effort and conflict of responsibility, they have been outlined as a three-fold obligation, as follows:

1. The American Legion will assist the American Red Cross in perfecting a unified disaster relief organization within the Red Cross which will be prepared at all times for prompt action.
2. The American Legion will augment duly constituted civil or military authority with auxiliary units for protection

of life and property, traffic regulation and maintenance of law and order.

3. When disaster occurs, The American Legion, with all of its man-

power, will cooperate and serve with the American Red Cross in its complete disaster relief setup.

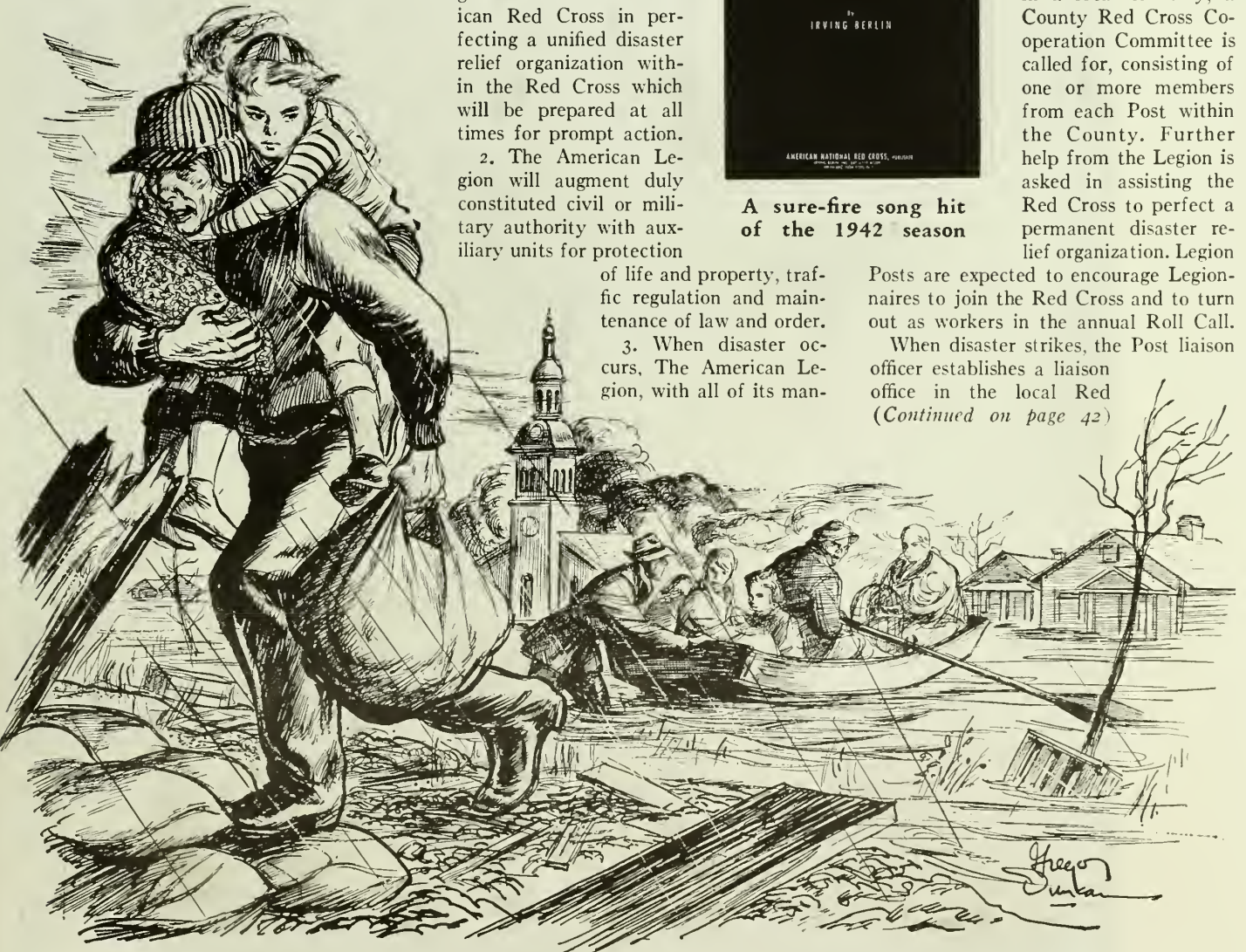
First step for the individual Legion Post prior to disaster is the appointment of a liaison officer, to keep in contact with the local Red Cross Chapter. The Post then sets up its own organization for exclusive Legion functions, the formation of adequate emergency patrol squads and traffic squads. In order to assure complete coordination among Posts within a local territory, a County Red Cross Co-operation Committee is called for, consisting of one or more members from each Post within the County. Further help from the Legion is asked in assisting the Red Cross to perfect a permanent disaster relief organization. Legion

Posts are expected to encourage Legionnaires to join the Red Cross and to turn out as workers in the annual Roll Call.

When disaster strikes, the Post liaison officer establishes a liaison office in the local Red
(Continued on page 42)



A sure-fire song hit of the 1942 season



Two Wrongs

By ARTHUR LEO ZAGAT

MARTHA POTTER lifted the lid off a pot on the stove and steam from it filled the big kitchen with appetizing fragrance. Boots thudded on the back porch. John came in, the ammoniacal odors of the barnyard that clung to him not unpleasant.

Martha brushed graying hair back from her sweat-dampened forehead. In the look that passed between those two was the warm, placid affection of long years together, but all that she said to him

was, "You didn't fetch the mail, I see."

"No." Potter was tall, gaunt, his complexion weather-crackled with the consistency and color of fine leather. "Dick will see the flag's up when he passes the box, coming in from the south field." Crossing to the sink, his limp, from a shrapnel wound at Pont-à-Mousson, was very bad, which meant that he was greatly disturbed. "I want him to have time to think it over before he has to tell us it's come. I'm still hoping he'll

change his mind." He turned on a tap, picked up soap.

"He won't," Martha sighed, setting on the table a heaped bowl of greens. "As long as Richard thinks he's right, nothing will change him."

"Then he's got to be made to see that's wrong—"

"Hush!" She gestured to the open window at the other end of the room. "Here he comes."

When Dick Potter entered, his father's face was buried in a towel, his mother slicing the crusty bread she'd baked last night. "Here's your *Gazette*, dad." He put down the folded and wrapped newspaper beside John's plate. "And a notice of an open meeting of your American Legion Post, Saturday night." This was a blue-printed post card. "I see some actor's going to do impersonations of outstanding figures of the World War." The corners of his firm, sensitive mouth twitched. "The Great Mistake, they mean."



"Richard!" Martha's cry held pained protest.

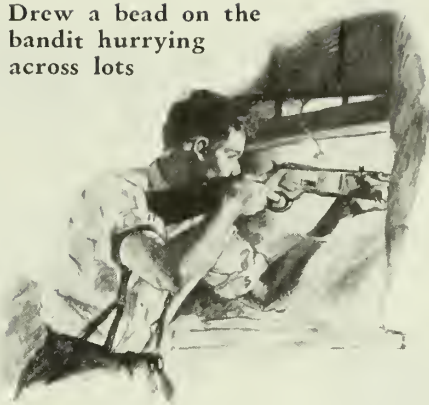
"Sorry, mom." Turning to her, he was loose-coupled, a little awkward in his brown work suit as the young Lincoln was awkward. "But you know how I feel about fine, decent men getting together to remind themselves that they were once murderers."

"Soldiers, Dick." John's tone was low, but two pallid patches bloomed at either wing of his blue-scrabbled nose. "Comrades who fought together—"

"To make the World Safe for Democracy." The youth's fingers, calloused by pitchfork and plow-handle, crumpled the long envelope that had remained in them. "Yes, and you won, I've heard, but it seems that democracy still needs saving." There was bitterness in his voice and his gray eyes were sullen. "What better proof do you want of the old adage, two wrongs can never make a right? Killing is wrong—"

"Not always, Dick."

**Drew a bead on the
bandit hurrying
across lots**



"Always." They'd said all this before, but they couldn't keep from saying it again. "I can't think of anything that would make it right for one man to kill another. If I could—"

"Richard," Martha intervened. "What is in that letter?"

Illustrated by Jes Schlaikjer

He looked down at it and a pulse throbbed in his broad forehead. "It's from the Draft Board. It says that my claim to deferment as a conscientious objector has been turned down, and that I'm to report for induction Monday morning."

His mother's workworn hand went to her bosom and her lips trembled. Then she was smiling. "I'll have to look over your socks right—"

"No." Dick's bronzed neck corded. "You don't have to. I'm not going."

She made a small, hopeless gesture and turned to fumble with the bread knife. The clump of John Potter's boots, going toward the table, was a succession of hammer blows against throbbing silence. "Get washed up," he said heavily, "so we can get started eating. There's work waiting to be done." He let himself down into his chair as though fatigue had sapped all his strength.

Dick started to say something but

(Continued on page 38)



THE ARMY HITS

By
T. H. THOMAS



Herewith, and we make no apologies for it, are recruiting posters of the Army, the Navy and the Marine Corps, together with an appeal to young men who have been rejected by the Air Force for physical reasons, to get themselves in shape and try again

THE sight of the troops at work in the Carolina maneuvers was heartening and encouraging beyond all belief.

Hitler and the Japanese, as was to be expected, have fired the starting gun without regard for our training schedule. The declarations of war have come before our new forces are fully armed, and before our combat units have reached the stage of training planned to fit them for taking their places in a modern line of battle. But even so, the plain fact remains that we have now more trained officers and men than we have ever had in time of peace—and they are in a far more advanced state of training. For the first time in our history, in time of peace, we have Commands and Staffs with the experience of actually handling large units in the field,

during the tests of large-scale maneuvers.

For this, we have to thank chiefly the far-sighted training program General Marshall put in action long before the emergency arose. Only the downfall of France could arouse the country to the need of setting to work in earnest—but in certain essential matters the General Staff had set to work long before that. Even when the country was indifferent to the whole matter, it had pressed the point that no plant in the United States was tooled up to produce the essential items of up-to-date arms and equipment—and even before the outbreak of the Hitler war it had secured an appropriation large enough to make a beginning of actual manufacture. As a result, the types of guns most nakedly absent in the maneuvers of 1940 could be seen

hitter commanding officers. It was much less worried by training with dummy guns than by the prospect of fighting under dummy Generals—under officers and staffs who had had no chance to prepare themselves by working in the field with real troops.

The Carolina maneuvers also proved the wisdom of getting troops into training promptly, whether or not all types of weapons were ready. If a Gallup poll had been taken on the question of training with dummy tanks and wooden guns, the country and Congress and the press and the troops themselves would have voted loudly against General Marshall. The showing made in the autumn maneuvers proves that he was right and the others wrong.

In his address to the Legion Convention last September General Marshall pointed out that in the past we had followed the costly method of training green troops on the actual field of battle. This was so even in 1917. "Our troops were sent overseas versed only in the basic training of the soldier. Divisions were equipped in the field, and trained within sound of the guns along the front held by our Allies. Corps and armies were actually organized on the battlefield." The present policy has been to

Attention!

The attention of all young men who are citizens of the United States, is invited to the advantages incident to enlistment in the United States Navy.

AGE LIMITS 16 AND UNDER 31

See the nearest Recruiting Officer

ITS STRIDE



WANT ACTION?



HAS THE AIR FORCE TURNED YOU DOWN?

IF YOU are among the 50 to 75 percent of applicants for the Army and Navy Air Services who have been turned down for physical reasons, don't despair.

You may still be able to make the grade, for . . .

The American Flying Services Foundation, which is sponsored by the Department of New York of The American Legion has gone to bat for you.

Remember the name of the flight surgeon who examined you? If you don't you can doubtless get it. Write the foundation at 60 East 42nd Street, New York City, telling them about your examination and if possible just why you were turned down. They in turn will make arrangements for you to get remedial treatment, and when you are in shape you may present yourself for re-examination to the same flight surgeon, at the place where he first examined you. The Foundation has had such good results with the rejectees it has worked with that it talks about getting more than half of these youngsters right into the service they long to join.

Army and Navy Flight Surgeons anywhere in the United States are invited to send in to the Medical Division of the Foundation, at 140 East 54th Street, New York City, the names of the men they have rejected because of physical defects.

reverse this tradition, and to get both troops and staffs trained before entering into action. This policy lies at the basis of the whole series of maneuvers in different parts of the country, in 1940 and 1941. Those in the Carolinas were in a way the culmination of this course. They were on a far larger scale than the annual maneuvers carried out in Germany and France before 1914, which brought into play two or three Army Corps.

In the Carolinas the Red and Blue armies brought into a single field of operations two fully organized Army Headquarters, an Air force for each army, five Army Corps, and thirteen Combat Divisions. In the opening attack of the Meuse-Argonne, the First Army put into the field three Army Corps and nine Divisions.

The Carolina maneuver was thus not only the largest training exercise the Army has ever seen: it brought together a larger body of American troops than had ever been grouped in a single operation in wartime. But it was no mere sham battle on an unprecedented scale: in purpose and in character it was a highly practical program

of training in the particular type of work our Army most needed.

During the twenty years following the

World War, the National Defense Act of 1920 left us with the framework of a much larger peace-time Army than ever

before. But with the whittling down of army appropriations in later years this became more and more a paper framework. The regiments were far below proper strength; a large proportion of the enlisted strength had to be used for non-military duties; and the few Regular Divisions that remained were scattered in small packets over wide areas. The staff schools continued training officers in the various duties involved in handling large units, but no such units existed, and the army budgets provided little money for field maneuvers.

It has often been pointed out that when war came in 1917 no officer on the active list had ever commanded a Division in the field. Roughly speaking, we were returning to this same state of things twenty years after 1917. The Regular officer had had more theoretical instruction and book (Continued on page 44)

**"Heute gehört uns Deutschland
Today, Germany is Ours;
Morgen die ganze Welt!"
Tomorrow, the Whole World**



OH, YEAH?

BATTLESHIP



With guns blazing, the U.S.S. North Carolina, one of our newest battle wagons, goes into action. Despite the sinking of the Hood, the Bismarck and the Prince of Wales, the battleship remains the most formidable fighting craft afloat

FIFTY thousand details fill the Commander's day and follow him into the night. That was the case in peacetime. Now those duties are multiplied and intensified.

He is second in command. He is the big battleship's boss, the Executive Officer. The only man over him is the skipper, but the skipper remains detached from the crew, from the ship's work, from the mechanics of getting things done. The skipper lives by himself, has his own steward and cook, his own one-man Mess. The skipper is the ship's Mr. Big—and merely signifies what *he* wants done. No raising his own voice to bellow fog-horn orders against the gale—not for the skipper. He just tells the "Exec," and the Exec gets the results.

To be active boss of 1500 men and sixty officers, a 30,000-ton ship and fifty million dollars worth of government property, that is just about the Navy's toughest, roughest and most eagerly desired assignment—desired because in many ways it's more kick to be boss of a battleship than it is to be skipper. Not that the skipper isn't boss. But it's the Commander who does the active bossing.

In a dreadnought's organization, ship and crew are subdivided into Departments and Divisions. Each Department is topped by a Department Head, usually a Lieutenant-Commander.

The Navigator navigates and also has charge of signals and communications. The Gunnery Officer (usually known as the G.O.) does the shooting. The Chief Engineer (the Chief) runs the engines and makes the boilers boil, while the Supply Officer (Pay) and the Medical Officer (the Surgeon) pay off and dispense pills, respectively. As for the Chaplain (Padre), he's not strictly a Department Head, but is useful in the Mess because of the ribbing which can be aimed in his direction.

"Listen, Padre, are you trying to tell us a man like you would do three years' duty in Samoa just because of the climate? Wasn't there a little brown babe somewhere in the background?"

The Commander, as President of the Wardroom Mess (the senior officers' mess), sits at the head of the Wardroom table, with the Mess

Boss

By

PAUL SCHUBERT

ranged down the sides according to rank and the Mess Treasurer at the foot. But the Commander doesn't get served first, except when it is his turn. The Wardroom Steward puts a marker (called a "buck") in front of the place to be served first at each meal, and "passes the buck" from one place to the next, meal by meal. The Commander takes his turn with the rest. The officers pay for their own food, but the Government provides dishes, linen and silver.

In some battleships the wardroom "country" is aft; in others it is forward, away from the rumble and throb of the propeller shafting. The passageways and staterooms are clean, well-kept, quiet. If it weren't for the smell of paint, salt-water, and shipboard, it would seem like a cross between hospital and monastery. The hum you hear is the sound of ventilation blowers.

Each officer's room is about the size of a decent closet in a house ashore. In it, in built-in metal furniture, a man manages to stow all his uniforms and nautical gear—overcoat, boat cloak, blues and whites, sou'wester, gold "swabs" and mess jackets, sword and pistol, books, photographs of wife and little Babsie, spyglass, binoculars, the whole darn business. The bunk takes up one end of the room; a leather-cushioned "transom" takes up the other, and if he wants to feel especially homelike, he squeezes in an easy chair.

The Commander is luckier. The Commander has a cabin to himself—an entire separate living room opening off his stateroom. And the Commander has his own bath.

But the Commander's cabin doesn't have much of an air of leisure. The Commander hardly knows what leisure is. A big safe next the inboard bulkhead houses the ship's service and wardroom mess funds as well as a stack of signal books and lead-bound confidential publications. The round table with its green baize cloth is covered with requests for "job orders" for the next Navy Yard overhaul period . . .

The Commander has an office, amidships on the gun deck—the Executive Officer's Office, with yeomen, typewriters, desks, filing cabinets, mimeograph machines. He ought to be able to relax when he comes below to his cabin—

But the Commander's work has a

way of following him wherever he goes. Even when he's shifting into civilian clothing, hoping to make the five o'clock officers' liberty boat in which most of his married wardroom messmates hit the beach and go home (on the days when the ship is in port and they have no night duties), he has to expect almost anything to happen.

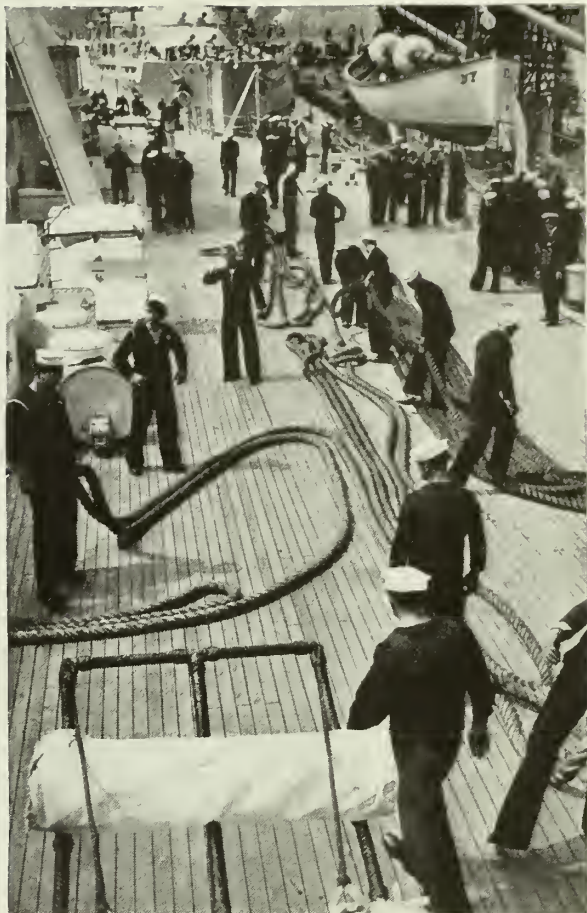
Before he gets his vest buttoned there's a knock at the door—it's the officer-of-the-deck's messenger. "Commander, the officer-of-the-deck says to tell you a draft of ten men just reported aboard from the training station, and the working party ain't got back from the *Nitro* yet so he ain't got no motor-sailer to send for the guard-mail, and can he have permission to hoist out the 2d race-boat so the engineer's crew can take a workout?

Another knock—the Chief Yeoman. "Sir, here's tomorrow's schedule. Will you initial it, please?"

0500 Reveille
0515 Turn to; carry out morning orders
0700 Breakfast
0800 Underway with Fleet etc., etc., etc.

And the morning order book hasn't been written up yet. The Commander reaches for his fountain-pen. "Aug. 15. Wash down decks. Fourth Division use holystones on oil stain st'b'd side No. 4 turret. Pipe down scrub and wash hammocks before getting underway. Side cleaners over . . ."

The Department Head closest to the Executive is the First Lieutenant (First Luff.) The First Luff has charge of the hull—the ship's structure—and is a glorified nautical housewife, the hardest worked man in the world. The First Luff is also Damage Control
(Continued on page 48)



A peacetime scene aboard the U.S.S. New York as she left for maneuvers off Hampton Roads



The captain takes the salute from his executive officer, who runs the ship for him



Illustration by
FRANK STREET

HE WAS born on a farm. All his life he loved the farm and judged things with the calm and patient appraisal of a man accustomed to watching things grow and mature. Unhurried, while others were inclined to become impatiently aroused, his judgment was balanced by the invariable tolerance that comes to those familiar with the useful art of shrewdly handling men, crops and animals.

He was physically big, even as a youth. It was six feet and two inches from the top of his sandy hair to the bottoms of his big feet. He tipped the scales at 210 pounds. When he was sixteen he wore a size thirteen shoe. Lafayette once remarked, "His hands were the largest I have ever seen on a human being." He could bend a heavy horse-shoe with those hands, almost effortlessly. And, if his feet were large, they could tramp endless miles, tirelessly and with the stealth of an Indian. There was an unstudied and natural dignity and reserve about him that won for him the respect but seldom the genuine affection of others. His eyes were frankly blue and serene; his shoulders were broad and his waist was trim.

Like many farmers of his generation, his formal education was somewhat meager. A sexton, it is recorded, taught him a little elemental arithmetic and the boy found in the science of numbers something fascinating. He acquired from the same source a capacity to read and the foundation of a fantastic system of spelling that was to plague him all of his useful days.

Figures, their exactness, their utter dependability, their measurability and unflinching obedience, gained and everlastingly held his honest affection and support. He found keen pleasure in computing the number of seeds in a pound, Troy weight, of red clover seed and discovered it to be 71,000. Timothy, according to his shrewd and accurate



By HARRY BOTSFORD

calculations, contained 298,000 seeds to the pound; and New River grass proved to have 844,000 seeds to the pound.

He took pleasure in making these and other experimental calculations. Figures were his friends. He planned on being a farmer in his own right. Farmers must know how to figure accurately. He was going to own his own land. In land there was wealth. Land could be made to produce. These were simple facts, a primitive philosophy; but he believed in them ardently.

He studied. First there was "The Young Man's Companion," a stout, meaty, handy little manual that told him how to calculate interest, how to make ink from simple materials, how to meas-

ure fields and translate the answer into acres. It also told how to draw simple legal papers. It was a book literally filled with useful knowledge and astonishingly interesting facts. It was his favorite volume.

Then he had other books; they all related to some phase of farming and he studied their contents closely:

The Farmer's Assistant.

Anderson on "Agriculture," in four volumes.

Price's "Carpenter."

The Complete Farmer.

Boswell on "Meadows."

Gibson's "Diseases of Horses."

Duhamel's "Practical Treatise of Husbandry."

FARMER



He took up the burden of management of his farms with vigor and ability and shrewdness. He was a master of detail

He absorbed the concentrated knowledge in these books. To him they were more interesting than any novel. They treated of familiar things, things he could touch, things he could do with his hands. Literally, his education, plus experience, came from these books. Farming: rearing healthy slaves, the proper crops and strong animals—these constituted his science, his philosophy, his religion. Indeed, his knowledge and his common sense was so commonly acknowledged that neighboring farmers and plantation owners frequently consulted him and profitably followed his advice.

Old Lord Fairfax, cynical, bitter and intelligent beyond most Colonials, encouraged the quiet and awkward youth

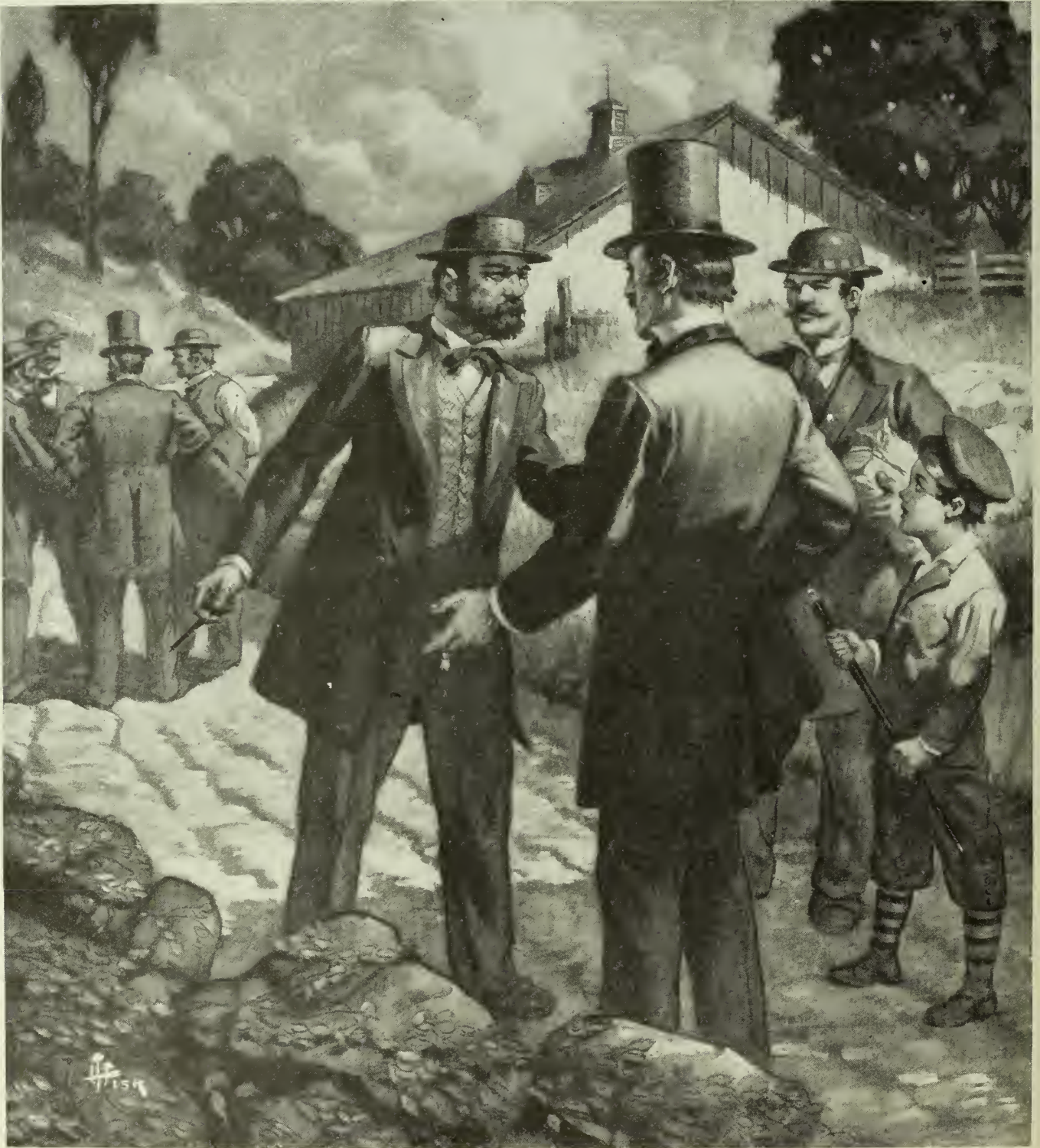
to store up more knowledge, to read more books. When the boy was eleven his father had died and left him some farmland which he failed to claim during the life of his mother. He went to live with his half-brother, Lawrence, a large landowner, three years after the death of his father. It was a family where everyone worked. He learned to become a qualified surveyor, a good profession in a land where lawsuits and boundary disputes were abundant. Real estate speculation was common and each time a property changed hands it had to be surveyed. It was work he enjoyed; it enabled him to apply that useful science of numbers, it taught him the virtue of unfailing accuracy and gave him valuable information on land values.

He saved his fees. When he was only sixteen he purchased Bullsken Plantation, consisting of 550 acres of fair Virginia soil, without improvements. It was paid for with money earned and saved. During the next four years he bought 1008 additional acres out of his modest earnings.

Then came long and busy days for him. His brother's health was seriously impaired and the management of the farms fell on his broad shoulders. There were 25,000 acres, a large part under cultivation. There were overseers to direct and instruct, slaves to be fed and managed and a host of farm animals to look after. It was a big job for a youth, a task that required sound judgment,

(Continued on page 51)

In MR. LINCOLN'S



MISTER EASTMAN, usually punctilious, seemed in no hurry to leave for his office. He had put aside his newspaper and was sitting erect and contemplative in the stiff ball-and-claw-legged

By
JACK HYATT

"Mr. Lott," said Eastman, "I am well within my rights"

chair. His voice, pleasantly sonorous, rambled on, curved and undulated across the room, echoed against the walls and resounded in Rebecca's ears.

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

Service

Illustrated by
HARRY FISK

"Mister Bennett, editor of the famous New York *Herald*, says that Mister Lincoln has been vested with more power by Congress than was ever before given to one man by any legislative body since the time of Sylla, in ancient Rome."

Rebecca listened, for she loved her husband's voice as it thrust itself into her thoughts, burying all else. The sultry vacuum of late August was in the room, yet she ceased rocking a moment to draw her camel's hair shawl over her thin shoulders. In the far corner of the yard young Jonathan Rapelyje paced back and forth with a stick over his shoulder, while nearer two bluebottles buzzed against the mosquito netting.

Long Island's morning mist hung like sheets of gray gauze across the yard.

Mister Eastman plucked carefully at the ends of his drooping, light brown mustache and went on.

"Now the whole militia and every able-bodied man in the country, married or single, is placed under the control of the President of the United States. The existence of the state militia is ignored. I think we should stay out. This is not our quarrel. We should stay home and mind our own business. That I intend to do. This town needs me, and I am staying."

No meaningless somniloquence, those words; you could be sure that Cornelius Eastman had given the matter much serious consideration. Rebecca nodded acquiescence, as was her duty. She felt that women were born to be ruled by men, and she did not resent it.

"THERE will be more draft riots," said Mister Eastman, with certainty. "More bloody riots of a people fighting against the power of a Government. Many were killed last month along Third Avenue, in New York, and only Governor Seymour's speech from the steps of City Hall prevented further bloodshed.

"As you know, Rebecca, I have been conscripted. After all, I am only thirty-six, and though we have been married fourteen years we have no children, and I therefore come within the provisions of the act. Perhaps I should have taken the commission General Charlie Yates offered me last year, and gone off with the Regulars. But I feel that this town of Newtown needs me more in the year of 1863 than it ever did. Yet the law . . . Congress and President Lincoln . . . says I must go to war."

Mister Eastman was silent for a long moment, staring at the portrait over the mantel, that of his grandfather, who had been one of General Washington's staff

officers. The knob of his walking stick caressed his left cheek. It was a lovely thing, that stick; heavy,

straight, blackest of ebony, burnished to a beautiful lustre. It was topped with a round knob of ivory, mellowed with age and handsweat. Mister Eastman's father had given it to him on his eighteenth birthday as a reward for the youth having earned his first hundred dollars that year; he did not carry it until he was twenty-one. He had never been without it since. The stick was not ever a symbol of senescence when carried by Mister Eastman; rather it meant as much to him as did breathing, and held an equally responsible position in his life. A town scoffer once said behind his back that Mister Eastman probably slept with his stick. He didn't.

Rebecca shifted uneasily in her rocker, fighting a quick-marching parade of yesterday's swarming upward like hornets forcibly evicted from a nest, stinging. She fought the fact that the law, the people, had summoned her husband to do his part. Gone was the placidity and austerity, in flight all reason. *My man must go to war.* He was a good man, a fine husband. He had helped build this town. He was the only surveyor the Island knew and Newtown did need some of its men to stay at home.

Mister Eastman spoke at last. "Jonathan Rapelyje will be my substitute. The law says this is my privilege, that neither honor nor disgrace enters into it, but only necessity. I have asked him to go and he is more than willing. I have paid him his bounty, three hundred dollars, gold, for with the decline of paper currency, it would hardly be fair or just to pay the man except in coin. He is a competent gardener, and we will miss him. He will leave for his rendezvous in Broome Street, New York, shortly before noon today."

Mister Eastman got to his feet and stood there for ages more than a moment. His eyes met Rebecca's. They said nothing. He murmured a goodbye, started out. Mister Eastman never kissed Rebecca goodbye when he went to his office; why, then, did she feel so strange today . . . should she perhaps have gone to him and kissed him. . . .

MISTER EASTMAN pushed the map aside; he had been building roads and locating business sites and making criss-crosses and curleques here and there, designating his paper dreams. Newtown was growing and he saw for it, come ten-twenty years, a great future. All this was fine, fertile land, and since it was less than five miles from the Thirty-Fourth Street ferry to New York, it was not unlikely that 1883 would see all of three thousand people living here. Mister Eastman had worked long and diligently on this large sheet of foolscap, marking it with hieroglyphics understand-

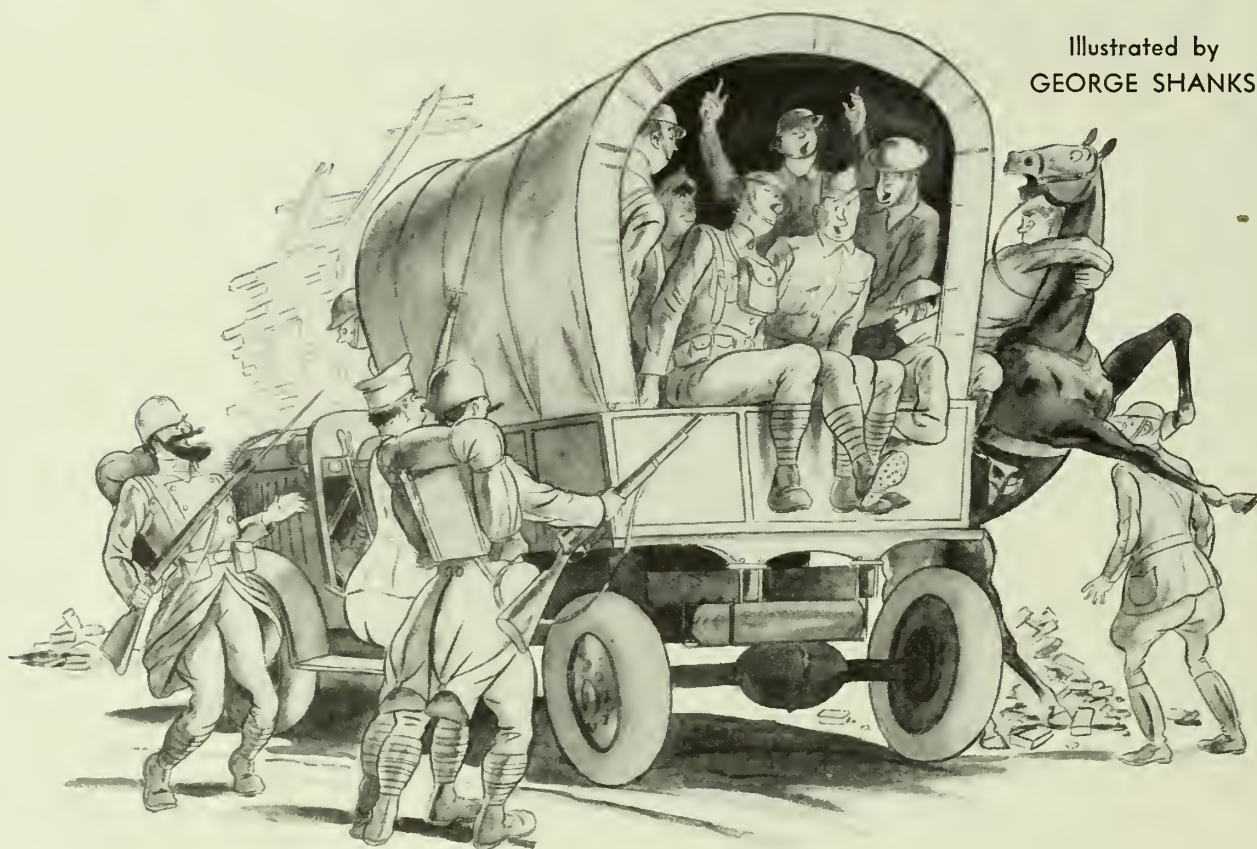
(Continued on page 33)



Perhaps, she thought, she should have kissed him

"WHEN GOOD FELLOWS

Illustrated by
GEORGE SHANKS



HAVE you a chorus in your Post or District or County organization? If not, do you want one? If you like choral music, Bach or barber-shop, you'll welcome the idea. If you're a real "singing fool" you won't rest until you've started one. There never was a better choral opportunity anywhere than right in our own Legion today, or one worse neglected. A million strong, we boast only about fifteen glee clubs. Why?

We certainly had a singing army, in 1917-'18. From the cowsheds of the USAACS at the Allentown, Pennsylvania, Fair Grounds to the colored labor battalions swinging along the roadways down South we sounded off. The brass hats in Washington rated singing so highly that they engaged trained musicians, like Ken Clarke, to get the boys warbling, regardless of previous experience. At the head of these, in the Commission on Training Camp Activities, sat Peter W. Dykema, now Past Supreme President of the great musical fraternity Phi Mu Alpha Sinfonia. Peter writes:

"The song leaders considered their job to be getting the men together in large groups and producing as wide participation in singing as possible. Smaller groups of men were organized into glee clubs. Most of them were just the ordinary run-of-the-mill, practically interested in mass singing and glad to have a little opportunity to sing under a skill-

By **THOMAS A. LARREMORE**

ful director. I have no doubt that the process of building good glee clubs in The American Legion Posts might proceed also along parallel lines today and that the members would profit by it as much now as then."

The Army took its vocalizing overseas. Writes Major Frank Love, Past



Thomas A. Larremore, President of the Legion Choruses Association, Director, Syracuse Chorus, 1930-'31

Department Commander of New York, and solo tenor *robusto* in his own right:

"The songs learned in the training camps went with the men overseas and they sang *Over There* just as lustily over there as over here. *The Long, Long Trail* echoed through the narrow lanes and villages of France, to say nothing of *Hinky-Dinky, Parley-Vous*. The romantic strains of *Till We Meet Again* and *Rose of No-Man's Land* blended with the more determined measures of *Keep Your Head Down, Allemand*, and *If He Can Fight Like He Can Love*, and it was possible, largely, to picture the state of mind of the particular vocalist. The Americans trained singing when the officers were not too hard-boiled; they went overseas singing; they came back to march up Fifth Avenue singing and they still like to sing."

But Legionnaires do not sing as much now as then. Again, why? Some say, "Singing is effeminate" or "We're too old." But listen to Martinelli singing *Otello* and decide whether he seems effeminate. As to age and health, Battistini, the Italian baritone, took his regular turn, in opera, when past 70. Singers, barring organic weakness, accident or dissipation, usually remain disgustingly healthy. A good choral director not only teaches music but builds his charges up, bodily, by insisting on proper breathing, posture and vitalizing of the physique. Band or drum-corps men, our age,

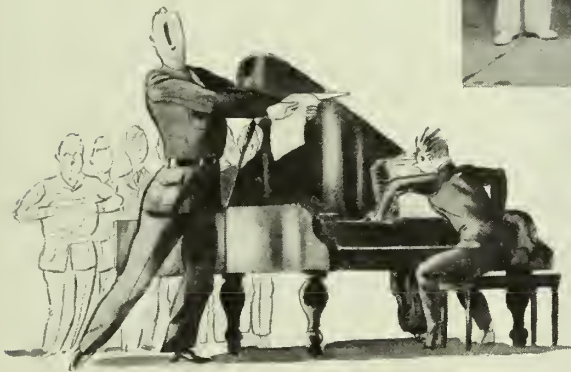
GET TOGETHER"

"The Boys From Syracuse," representing the Post in the Central New York metropolis, never beaten or tied

frequently collapse, performing in hot weather. Singers do not. On which side is Father Time working? No, singing is not effeminate and we are not too old.

One reason why Legion glee clubs have developed slowly is due to a strange indifference shown the choruses by our own Posts and the membership generally.

But the principal reason for the current choral lag was the diver-



ing American contribution to the art of the ballet. Choral singing lacks the glamor of bands and drum-corps. Its appeal is musical only. Young Legionnaires preferred the more spectacular activities, naturally enough.

Nevertheless, some of us wanted to sing and in time glee

clubs developed. In 1922 the current national choral champs, "The Boys From Syracuse," staged a minstrel show under Professor Clifford W. Walsh. Then, incredibly, they hibernated until December, 1930, when seven, awakened by Walt Coling, met, reorganized, and with Frank Love as President, started their remarkable march to glory. At Chester, Pennsylvania, in April, 1927, Ben Price, of Sergeant Alfred Stevenson Post, formed the glee club

there, still functioning under Ben's baton as the oldest known continuous Legion chorus.

Then along came Frankford, Pennsylvania, Legion Glee Club, 1929-30; Faust Post Glee Club, Detroit, Mich., late 1930; Sidney's Singing Soldiers, Sidney, Ohio, 1931; Suffolk County Glee Club, Boston, Massachusetts, 1932; Glee Club of Corporal John Loudenslager Post, Philadelphia, 1933; Ironwood, Michigan,



sion of musical Legionnaires into bands and drum corps, when most of us could take and enjoy, besides the music produced, the strenuous physical demands these activities entail. Band work blends fine performance of fine music with uniforms, parading and "spots" in the public limelight. And many Legionnaire bandsmen draw union pay, even while playing at Legion functions. Drum-and-bugle corps cannot compare, musically, with bands, for bugle-harmony is rudimentary and bugle-melody is often so curtailed as to mutilate tunes attempted. Nevertheless, drum-corps pageantry is glorious and it affords endless challenging possibilities of rhythm. Legion drum-and-bugle corps constitute an outstand-



The Glee Club of Trenton (New Jersey) Post doing its stuff at the New York World's Fair in 1940

Post Glee Club, 1934; Trenton, New Jersey, Post Glee Club, 1937.

Known Legion choruses with histories not sent the writer, despite his request, are the Singing Cannoneers, 128th Field Artillery Post, St. Louis; The Gleemen, of Square Post, Chicago; the choruses of Brockton, Massachusetts, Post; Rose City Post of Portland, Oregon; Thomas Hopkins Post of Wichita, Kansas; and the Singing Legionnaires, a District organization, of Los Angeles. About a dozen other groups have disbanded.

With glee clubs forming and national band and drum corps established development of national choral consciousness, looking to national choral contests, became inevitable. But it crystalized slowly. The first gropings apparently

(Continued on page 40)



Gregory Rice, former Notre Dame athlete and holder of the world's record in the two mile run, nipping Efaw of Oklahoma A. & M. and Lash of Indiana to win at his favorite distance, in the games at Boston

THE two-mile record should be fifteen seconds faster than it is," said Paavo Nurmi when he was here last. Paavo, the greatest of all distance runners of a few years back, should know, and since he made the statement quoted we have seen the two-mile time improving with great strides.

Nurmi predicts an eventual 8.42 for the distance. As it stands now the mark is 8 minutes 51.1 seconds, held by Greg Rice, former Notre Dame star who is now wearing the colors of the New York Athletic Club. This is not far behind Nurmi's goal. He would have the race run at an even pace, 4.20 for the first mile and 4.22 for the second one.

I am going to go along with Nurmi, since I have always felt that the record was in for a great assault, and have watched the improvement with a great deal of satisfaction.

I go along with Nurmi and go him one better. The two-mile record can be lowered to his figures and during this season. He did not say when. I say

when because I have in mind the match which could bring this about.

I want to see Greg Rice in top form, as he was a year ago when he made his present world mark, and I would place Leslie MacMitchell of New York University in the same race.

This might get a laugh from a lot of people, who think of MacMitchell as a miler and know that he holds the indoor mile record at 4 minutes 7.4 seconds, jointly with Cunningham and Fenske. Or, it might be asked, "Why should he change his distance? Why not stick to the mile and make a better mark there."

First, I am not picking the winner of this proposed two-mile "Race of the Century." I merely want to show why it is a "natural." And why it should be done at this time.

We start with Rice. He has shown a steady improvement for the past three seasons, until he hammered the indoor mark from 8.58 held by Don Lash of Indiana and made in 1937, down to 8.51.1 last winter in a race in Chicago.

Race

Watching Rice run most of these races, I have been convinced that not one of them was properly paced in the early part or he would not have had the strong finishes with which he has thrilled the crowd. Many of his last quarter miles have been better than a minute. Spread this over the full distance evenly, and it is sure to take seconds from his best time.

Greg has several years of competition ahead of him and because of a hernia disability, will not be called to the service during this war. He was rejected over a year ago for this reason. But, after this season, for some time he will not find that competition to get him to such time as we expect of him.

MacMitchell is looking at an entirely different picture. A senior at N.Y.U., just turned twenty-one and headed for a career of physical education, this season of 1942 is probably his last as an amateur.

Being a senior and twenty-one, Les is headed for the service. When he gets in he will not have time to train, so out go his chances at records. A short war and a return to civilian life would see him following his career in physical education, which would of course take his amateur standing away.

This seems his last year and he should make the most of it. Some one has named Les "The Nurmi of to-morrow" and I like that a lot. Certainly, this young runner has shown that he has a range comparable to that of Paavo, who held records from 1500 meters to the longest distance run in one hour.

MacMitchell has run within two seconds of the world records of all distances from the 440 yards to the 1500 meters, holds the indoor mile record with two others, and has been three times Intercollegiate cross country champion over five miles.

All this, except the last cross-country title, came before he was 21 years of age. We know that a runner's peak comes along about 25 years, but for Les that peak must be forgotten. We are at war.

During this month he will have several chances to set a mile figure better than the existing one of 4.07.4. He gets his first big chance in the Millrose Games on February 7, in Madison Square Garden, New York City. Later in the month he is scheduled to defend the Baxter Mile trophy, at the New York Athletic Club meet. This is the race where he equaled the record in 1941.

If Les has not knocked the mile mark

of the Century

By **TED MEREDITH**

sky high by that time, I will be fooled. Last year he was chased to the tape by Walter Mehl of Wisconsin. Walter is still a threat and a big one. He is taking graduate work at Wisconsin and will have plenty of time to condition himself for the season's races. In fact, to beat



Leslie MacMitchell winning the intercollegiate five-mile cross-country run for the third successive time. MacMitchell's consistently fast running of every distance from a quarter mile to five miles makes him the logical opponent of Rice in the two mile

Mehl will take a record-breaking performance. There was so little difference between MacMitchell and Mehl last year that we are looking forward to their matching strides again this season.

But why should MacMitchell run a two-mile race against such a runner as Rice when he has plenty cut out for himself in the mile, a distance which he has shown himself so fitted to dominate this winter. The reason from my point of view is that he can run a very fast two mile and it would seem that his only chance to prove it is this winter. Should he come up to the expectations of his coach, Emil Von Elling, and many other experts, all the marks from three-fourths of a mile to two miles would be his before he finished his normal running career.

He is a courageous runner and has ambitions to leave records which will back up all the predictions made for him during his college years. Von Elling has handled him carefully. It was not until last winter that he allowed him to get into the big-time competition and run special races. If it were not for the present conditions, I would say that it would not be unwise to hold him back another year but with another year so doubtful, this winter seems to be the time. Nürmi is the one and only runner who held records for the one and two miles at the same time. It is a great feat and for an athlete of ours it looked too much to expect until MacMitchell came along.

The fact that MacMitchell can run under 49 seconds for a quarter of a mile and win five-mile cross-country races in a short space of time, is proof that he would not be overreaching in stepping up from the mile to two miles in the same season.

It has been done successfully. Three years ago Glenn Cunningham was asked to run Don Lash at two miles. He was a bit timid at first, but consented and justified himself by winning in time close to nine minutes. Cunningham did not take the pace but hung on to Lash until the final lap, when he sprinted home a slight winner.

In fact it was not until runners with successful mile careers started to move out to the longer distance that the two-

mile figures started downward. George Bonhag of New York ran two miles indoors in 1910 in 9.14.4, which was good until Al Shrubb of England cut it down to 9.09.6 in 1910. Both were long distance men who usually raced at a longer route than two miles. Wide of Sweden, known as a 1500-meter runner, came along in 1926 and did 9.01.4 at the distance. The first miler to move out, Wide proved that the speed at the mile was a great asset in longer races.

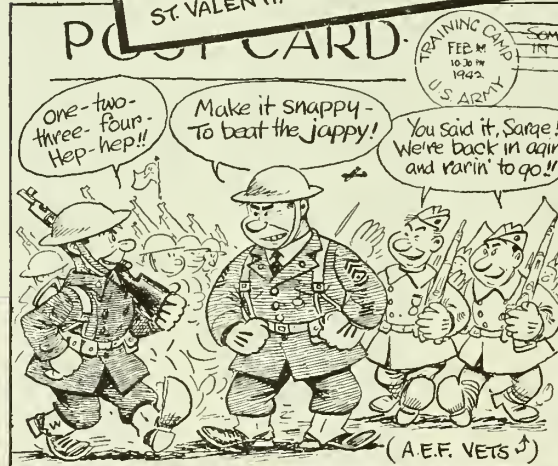
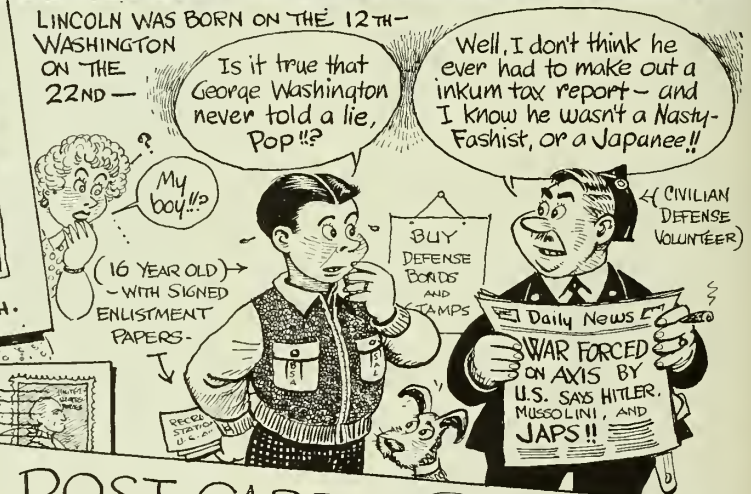
(Continued on page 49)



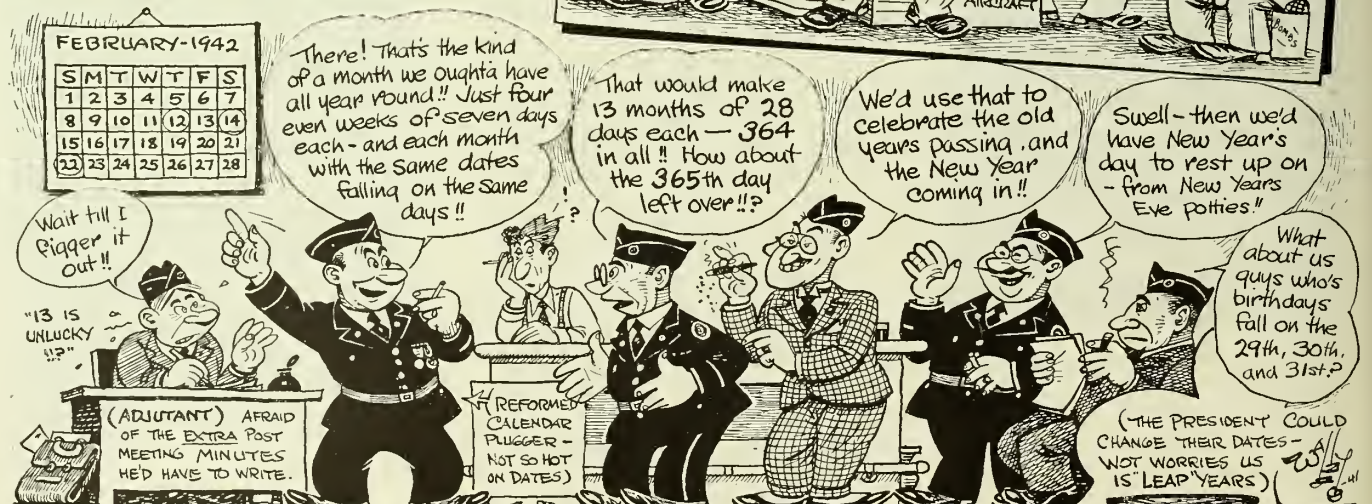
MacMitchell defeating Walter Mehl of Wisconsin, defending champion, in the National A.A.U. 1500-meter run at Philadelphia last summer

FEBRUARY - "BY THE NUMBERS - COUNT OFF !!!"

By Wallgren



SOLDIERS & SAILORS FEBRUARY MAIL -



TO OUR FIGHTING MEN

EDITORIAL

Officers and men of the United States Army, Navy and Marine Corps:

TO YOU we are entrusting the destiny of the United States of America and of democratic peoples everywhere. We stand behind you a united nation, ready to make any sacrifices necessary to provide you with the equipment and the weapons you will need to beat back and utterly smash the threat to everything America has held dear since it won its independence in 1776. Our sacrifices will be puny compared with those you will be called upon to make, but they will be up to the full capacity of our powers, and they will guarantee that your privation will not be in vain.

You will save this nation, as the citizen soldiers of all our wars have saved it. You will pay the price in your blood, as the strongest generation has paid that price whenever the safety of the United States was in balance. The uniformed services do not start the wars in which we become engaged; they finish them.

For various reasons we have lost all the early rounds of the great conflict in which we and our allies are confronted by the most ruthless, conscienceless machine

in history—a machine that has never bothered to observe the decencies civilization learned to impose upon itself after thousands of years of barbaric strife in which the conquered were either slain or sold into slavery. Pearl Harbor and the merciless strafing of Manila after it had been declared an open city are but chapters in a tale that includes massacre by the Japs of their ally, Marshal Chang Tso-Lin, and his staff in Manchuria without warning; the wanton air bombardment of open towns in Abyssinia and Albania by Mussolini's Fascists, the wiping out of Rotterdam's most important section and the killing of 32,000 people by German airborne bombs, after Hitler had solemnly pledged himself not to violate the neutrality of Holland; the merciless bombing of hospital trains in Corinth during the Greek campaign. All these show the character of this Thing you have got to destroy utterly, lest it wipe out the fruits of man's upward climb through the centuries.

You have not willed this war, but your generation must pay the price, just as our generation paid the price in 1917-'18. Mistakes were made after the Armistice of 1918 which ended our war—grim, tragic mistakes. No need to recount them here. It is sufficient to say that, having helped to put over (*Continued on page 33*)

★ ★ ★ *My Country, 'tis of Thee*



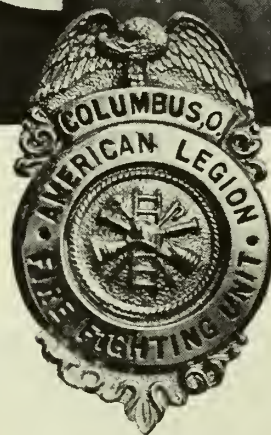
New York City statue of patriot Nathan Hale: "I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country"



Statue of Harrison Grey Otis at Los Angeles: Filipinos and Americans now fight side by side



Ohio: IN THERE pitching



ON THIS particular evening a chunky, middle-aged man with thinning hair unlocked the door of his house and stepped aside to let his wife enter first. The man—we'll call him John Legion because that isn't his name—said to his wife, "Turn on the radio, honey, and see if there's anything new." It was midnight, the American-Japanese War was only briefly born and he hung on the news like the rest of us.

By the time the radio was warmed up he had doffed his hat and overcoat, and had lit a cigarette. Into the room poured the rhythms of a rumba from Columbus' Deshler-Wallick Hotel. John Legion started toward the radio to switch to another station. As he did so, the music was abruptly burked. There was a brief, queer silence.

Then a man's calm, unhurried voice said, "Attention, please! Legionnaire and other members of the Auxiliary

Fire Brigade of Columbus—please report immediately to your squad leader. Report at once. That is all."

John Legion had frozen. Now, he suddenly said, "Judas Priest!" and raced for his hat and coat. He turned at the door and yelled, "I'll be back when I get here, honey," and ran as fast as he could to the garage and his car.

As the speedometer needle hit forty he found himself grinning joyously. His face was hot with excitement. For the first time since he had heard of the treacherous Jap attack on Pearl Harbor and had realized that he was forty-seven and too damned old to fight, he felt good. From the moment war began he had wanted to do something—anything to help in this crisis.

He had said to his wife on that December Sunday, "Back in 1917-1918 I enlisted with the others, and after we put on olive drab we were all in to-

gether, and you never had anything to worry about except chow. I now know that that was the easy end. Now, I know what it is to stay behind and feel helpless and wish to God there was just one little thing you could do."

Sensing the approach of the climax, he had, months before joined the Columbus Auxiliary Fire Brigade and had gone to school under Battalion Chief Lee Green. It had been a tough course, worked out by Fire Chief Ed Welch. As his motor whined louder he tried to remember how you rolled a hose, what it meant to ventilate a fire. Then he grinned; as a kid he had always wanted to be a fireman. Well, this was it. At last he was doing something.

As it turned out, however, he was not needed. The fire was in the E. C. Guesy

The fire was in the E. C. Guesy

Lumber Company, and its red fury lit the sky for miles. But a general alarm had gone out, every piece of fire apparatus in Columbus had responded. One hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of hardwood was going up in smoke and flame, but there were enough regular firemen.

"Just drill," Chief Welch told the Legionnaires when they ran up in rubber coats and helmets. "If we have an incendiary bomb raid there won't be enough of us and we'll need you." He paused, then pointed to the fire. It was acting queerly, springing up in places it had no right to be.

"Paper, rags and oil," he said grimly, "it gives you an idea how an incendiary fire looks."

I HEARD about this incident when I went into Adjutant Jake Saslavsky's office to find out what the Buckeye Legion was doing for 1942. Sitting with him and Department Commander Floyd R. Hartpence, I discovered that 52,000 Legionnaires of Ohio have enlisted for the duration.

"We sent out Ed Welch's outline of his fourteen-week course," Hartpence said, "and right now, in Ohio's fifty major cities, we have Auxiliary Fire Brigades. The local Posts took the curriculum to the local fire chief and got training."

Hartpence is a lean, dark-eyed man with a great deal of energy. He fixed me with a pair of knotted eyebrows, and said, "Don't tell me that you think putting out a fire is simply just pouring water on it; that it doesn't require any skill."

I murmured that I didn't know anything about fire-fighting. He nodded, handed me Ed Welch's syllabus. "Neither did the rest of us, which is why this pamphlet should be in the hands of every Legion Post in the United States."

I took a quick look through it and agreed. If you think fire-fighting is simply pouring more water on a fire, give yourself a radio quiz on the following questions.

What's the difference in battling a Class B and a Class X fire? What's the chemical difference between various

By FREDERICK C. PAINTON

hand extinguishers and how do they work? What's a booster tank? Why is a careful record made of hose use? How do you extinguish incendiary bombs? What is the composition of an incendiary bomb? How do you "ventilate" a fire in order to put it out with the least amount of damage? What is a "firemen's drag"? A "firemen's carry"? Why is a knowledge of knot-tying vital in fire-fighting? How do you make a "doughnut roll"? What is a "street drag"? A "ladder drag"? How do you climb a ladder? If a little moisture in hose is beneficial, why is water in hose dangerous?

Out of the seven-page outline of study the questions in the quiz touch on only a few points. But if you are signed up with Civilian Defense as air raid warden or in other capacity the above will give you some idea of just what you don't know about putting out fires, the major hazard in air raids.

"I wish," said Hartpence gravely, "that you'd put somewhere in your story that the Department of Ohio will be glad to mail this course of study to any Post or Department of the Legion that wishes to train its members. Ed Welch has covered every angle of fire-fighting and it would save time instead

of having the local fire chief prepare a course.

"When Mayor La Guardia, National Director of Civilian Defense, went through here recently I showed him the outline and he was enthusiastic, indeed. He said that every Legion Post should have an Auxiliary Fire Brigade as part of its Civilian Defense aid."

"All our war service comes under Civilian Defense," Jake Saslavsky said. "We have police schools going in fifty cities to train men in police work. Ordinarily a police force is ample for its job. But in war-time and blackout—well, we read of the looting that went on in downtown Seattle on their first blackout. We knew how London suffered from crime during the early days of the blackout. At a time like that the police need extra help. And the Legion, disciplined and organized, is the ideal agent to supply it."

He went on to explain how the State Highway Patrol was training Legionnaires in traffic drill to meet emergencies. How the excellent Ohio Disaster Relief set-up had been swung into action to supply deputized aids to sheriffs and other help in rural areas. The Ohio Legion was supplying officers and non-coms for the State Guard; were the key men in the air-raid warden organization. One hundred Posts sending men to first-aid schools and Auxiliary women following suit.


"A lot of people say," Jake went on, "that Ohio, located where it is, will probably never have need for this organized civilian defense. But America

(Continued on page 35)



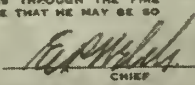
Department Commander Floyd R. Hartpence, center, and Jake Saslavsky, Department Adjutant, offering the services of Ohio Legionnaires for whatever emergency work needs to be done, to W. J. Burns, Assistant Director of the State Council of Defense, at right. Left, identification card for auxiliary firemen

DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC SAFETY
DIVISION OF FIRE

This is to certify, that,  NUMBER 9

W. J. Burns

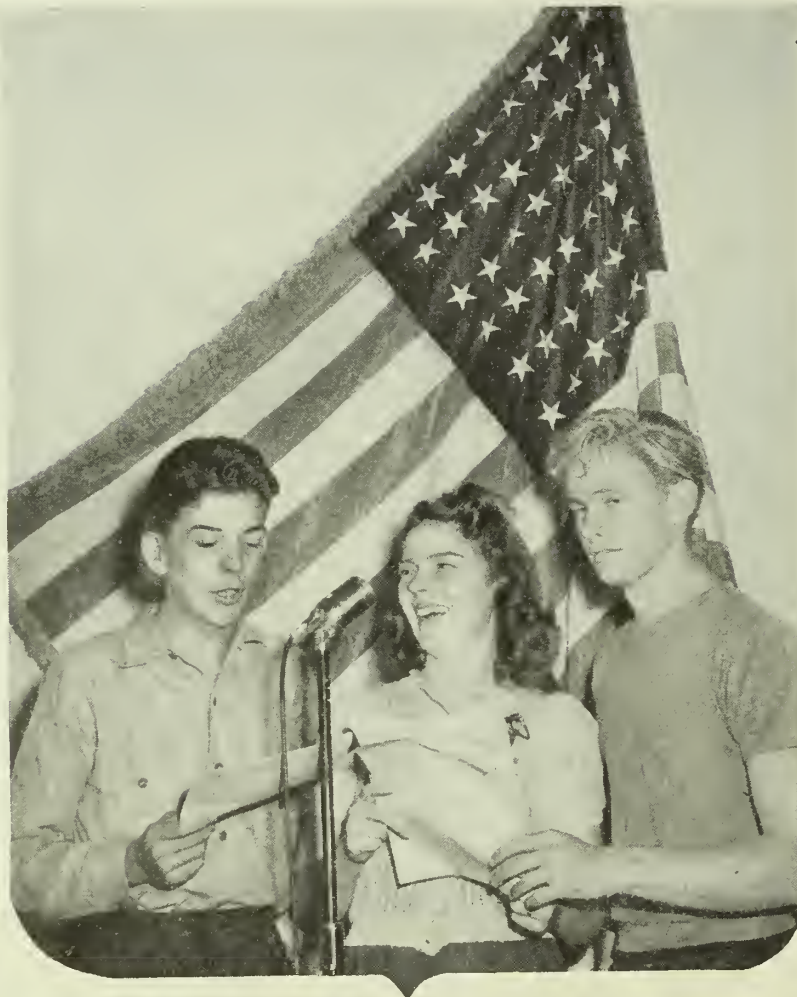
HAS COMPLETED THE FULL COURSE IN FIRE FIGHTING FOR NATIONAL CIVILIAN DEFENSE IN THE DIVISION OF FIRE, DRILL SCHOOL, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF CHIEF E. F. WELCH. HE IS ENTITLED TO PASS THROUGH THE FIRE LINES, AND RENDER ANY ASSISTANCE THAT HE MAY BE SO DIRECTED TO DO.

DATE July 31st, 1942  CHIEF

NOT TRANSFERABLE

LIVE - WIRE Legion Posts make news and a lot of it. A glance at the daily grist of mail that falls like autumn leaves on the desk of this department would be sufficient to convince the most hardened skeptic—there's news, ideas, reports in each one of the dozens of letters addressed to the Step-keeper. And behind those letters stands a terrific volume of Legion effort and accomplishment. Dozens and dozens of times we have regretted the lack of space that keeps a lot of these fine reports out of print, so for this once we are going to take a cross-section out of the old folder—run-of-the-mine letters—and serve them out with only the loosest sort of classification.

News? Just to prove the statement



thousands, of flags have been supplied to public institutions by Legion Posts. The times call for a display of Old Glory, and Legion units have not been slow to discover the lack of the national emblem in places where it should be flown.

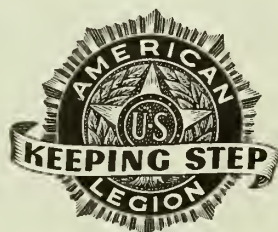
In a more substantial way the Legion has rallied to the defense of the Government in buttressing its defenses along the financial front. Hundreds of Posts, following the lead of National Headquarters, have invested their savings in Defense Bonds or Defense Stamps. Here is the bond purchase reports for one day: Ham-

High school students gave dramatic rendering of the Bill of Rights on Oakland (Cal.) Post radio program

OUT OF THE FOLDER

that Posts make news and that local newspapers will print it, here's a letter from Oscar W. Eggeson, Past Commander of Henry R. Hill-Joseph W. Emery, Jr., Post of Quincy, Illinois. Not only a letter, but a scrapbook in which Comrade Eggeson has, by actual count, pasted up one hundred and fifty-eight separate clippings from Quincy newspapers about the Post and its activities during the Legion year ending in August. Small wonder that that Post was awarded the Paul G. Armstrong Americanism Trophy; it had already won the Mel-Tierney Department Safety Award; its junior rifle team won the William Randolph Hearst Rifle Trophy in the 6th Corps Area; its junior drum and bugle corps a high ranking first-placer; all in addition to its broad Americanism and community service programs.

Leland C. Taylor, Adjutant of Norway (Iowa) Post, reports the presentation of flags to three churches in its home town; J. R. Hogentogler, Commander of John Lewis Shade Post, Clearfield, Pennsylvania, says his Post gave a flag to the local Shaw



Public Library, and at Mobile, Alabama, Commander Leon Schwarz presented a large flag to the Mobile Chamber of Commerce on behalf of Lamar Y. McLeod Post. These three letters came in the same mail and were sent before the blitz fell on Hawaii. Since the assault on Pearl Harbor hundreds, perhaps

mond Post of Kingsport, Tennessee, reports \$5,000; Capt. Belvidere Brooks Post of New York City traded its check for a substantial bond; Miles Curfew, Adjutant of Salina (Utah) Post, with thirty members, reports the purchase of \$1,500 in bonds; David Woodside, Publicity Chairman of James A. McKenna Post, Long Island City, New York, writes that his Post has just made a similar investment in like amount; from Chicago, Illinois, Christ S. Minneci, Adjutant of Paul Revere Post, reports purchases totaling \$1,325; West Chicago Post, says Legionnaire Ralph W. Marshall, bought \$1,100 worth of defense, and Commander H. E. Zinn of Weston (West Virginia) Post, reports the purchase of a \$1,000 bond. It takes money to carry on a war; months ago the National Executive Committee recommended that Posts place their surplus funds in Defense Bonds. Remember Pearl Harbor!

Not slacking in membership effort, Legionnaire V. L. Lawrence says that Akron (Ohio) Post, with a quota of 750, had enrolled 1,005 members by Armistice night.





Window display including replica of the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier installed for Johnson-Costello Post, Penn Yan, N. Y., by Legionnaire Hugh S. Meldrum

These Legionnaires, he says, range from unemployed men to presidents of Akron's greatest industrial plants. In the same mail comes a letter from C. R. Coffin, Adjutant of Makinson-Carson Post of Kissimmee, Florida, telling of the achievement of his Post, its Auxiliary, Sons of the Legion Squadron and Junior Auxiliary. This unit, severally and as a whole, was the first in Florida to reach the 1942 quota. Some job—and they held a big joint meeting at the Post home in celebration.

As this is being written in mid-December, the Armistice Day activities are still being reported, and nearly every one is accompanied by a picture of a window display, parade shot or memorial group. Too bad there is not space enough to go around, but here are a few: Columbia System Post, Cincinnati, Ohio, had its usual striking window display in one of the most prominent sections of the city, according to E. M. Doran, Publicity Chairman. A display reminiscent of 1917-1918 was installed in the window of a postoffice sub-station by South Hills Post, Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, says Commander Thomas L. Algeo. Johnson-Costello Post, Penn Yan, New York, attracted more than local attention with its display arranged by Legionnaire Hugh S. Meldrum, and appropriate memorial displays were made by Garrett Cochran Post of Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and Emil Hagberg Unit, American Legion Auxiliary, of Argyle, Minnesota. And, though a bit belated, Chaplain Ernest Weals tells us of the splendid Memorial Day service arranged and carried out by Frank R. Kirk Post of Crafton, Pennsylvania.

Continuing in the same theme, here is a letter from Commander Fred V. Carney of Madden-Cover-Carney Post, Anderson, Missouri, reporting the erec-

tion and dedication of a marker at the grave of Master Sergeant Taylor B. Hickman, D. S. C., who was one of the heroes of Balangiga, a survivor of the massacre in the Philippines nearly forty years ago, and who served with distinction in the World War. Commander A. C. Pfefferkorn of Bolinas Bay Post, Point Reyes, California, writes that his Post has taken over the care of the neglected graves of four Coast Guardsmen who lost their lives in the Post's area between 1891 and 1900. Gravestones have been erected and the lot has been enclosed with a neat, white-painted, paling fence.

Good citizens are being trained through the aid of Earl Faulkner Post of Everett, Washington, says Comman-

der Leon L. Stock. One part of the youth work cited by Commander Stock is the annual Hallowe'en theater matinee given for fifteen hundred youngsters in coöperation with local theaters and newspapers. The young folks are entertained and instructed; consequently they have no time for destructive devilment. At the last Hallowe'en not a single arrest was made and the police report only two calls to quell disturbances. And Everett is a city of 30,000. Department Commander Heywood N. Saunders of the District of Columbia has commended the Blood Donor squad of the U. S. Bureau of Internal Revenue Post for its splendid, unselfish humanitarian work. Charlie Wolfe, captain of the squad, reports seventy-two volunteer



John Lewis Shade Post, Clearfield, Pa., presents an American flag to Shaw Public Library in its home town



Commander Julius Lovington of Rutherford (N. J.) Post helps Comrade George S. Carpenter cut his one-hundredth birthday cake

members who have responded to 122 calls. "In a number of cases," he says, "the donors have reached the hospitals within five or ten minutes after the calls were received."

Letters are received telling of dozens of regular and special projects, just the things that make up the day-to-day work of the average active Legion Post. Comrade John H. Laux of Newark (New Jersey) Post, writes to say that Comrade Joseph Capece's membership in the Post has meant a lot to him in the past, but it has been hard for him to keep it up. Comrade Capece is almost blind and has had no employment for some years. His five sons, all young,

Younger—who selected the Unknown Soldier from four caskets at Chalons-sur-Marne, France, in 1921, now a member of Van Buren Post of Chicago, spoke for his Post on a radio broadcast on Armistice Day, says Jim Mangan, Publicity Officer.

Preparedness has become so much a routine Legion work that but few reports are made. But one mail brought a letter from A. J. Robin, East Orange, New Jersey, with pictures of a watch station on the roof of a school building, manned by Chatham and Madison Post members; a newspaper clipping commending the Air Raid Corps of Asbury Park (New Jersey) Post for its super-

worked after school hours to make money for family support and to pay the dues. Then the Post found out about it. In addition to other things the Post voted life membership to Comrade Capece and to Comrade George Kocserha, another blind member. Commander E. C. Downs of Clarence Fields Post, Ashland, Kentucky, put on the usual Post program of collecting used and shopworn toys for Christmas giving. The combined Posts of Duluth, Minnesota, according to P. R. Curry, Child Welfare Chairman of Lakeview Post, chipped in together to provide a supply of blocks for the city nursery schools. Past Commander Oscar Marquardt designed and installed a Roll of Honor memorial wall-case in the home of Alva Courier Post at Chester, Illinois. Sergeant Edward F.

alertness in making first report of planes during the late fall Atlantic Coast tests, and a splendid report of the work of Charles A. Fowler, Jr., Post, Great Neck, Long Island, New York, in the defense program and in caring for the men in service. Ira J. Friedman, Publicity Chairman, says that the Post sees to it that every man who enters service from Great Neck leaves with cigarettes, reading matter and other comforts presented on behalf of the Post by some one or more of its officers.

Roscoe Crafton, Commander of Dud Cason Post, Blytheville, Arkansas, says that his Post has been active in promoting the National Cotton Picking Contest held at Blytheville in the late fall of each year. D. Wandle Day, Service Officer of Stanley Hardman Post, Trinidad, Colorado, reports that the Post's firing squad recently officiated at the burial of Comrade William Messer, Trinidad's last Civil War veteran, and fired the last salute over his grave. Legionnaire Lynn G. Case writes that a total of 917 boys and girls were transported from the Cortland (New York) Post home to Little York Lake during the summer swimming season. It is a regular summer work of Cortland Post and its Squadron of Sons, and both units contribute to the financial support of the program.

Radio has its place, and a mighty important one it is, in the work of the Legion. A number of Posts carry on sustained programs through the courtesy of local stations and many of the programs have claimed places of more than local interest. One such program, that organized by Commander Homer W. Buckley under the sponsorship of Oakland (California) Post, has attracted such nationwide attention that it was the subject of a feature article in the *Christian Science Monitor*, of Boston. Celebrating the 150th anniversary of the adoption of the Bill of Rights, Commander Buckley developed a two-months' series

of bi-weekly broadcasts dealing with the historical background of each amendment, climaxed on December 16th by a rousing patriotic program open to the public. The program was an educational one, aimed at all age groups.

This series could be carried on indefinitely and cover many other phases of Legion work and activities, but the limitation of space presses. Pie suppers, installations, birthday parties, and a dozen and one other things have not been mentioned; this is enough



A two time winning baseball team sponsored by a woman's Post—Edith Work Ayers Post, Cleveland, Ohio, backed this group of champions of the diamond

to show clearly that publicity officers are alive to their jobs, not only locally but with the national publications as well.

One Hundred Years

ONE hundred years is a long, long time in the life of a man, but Legionnaire George S. Carpenter of Rutherford, New Jersey, has weathered the storms and strifes of just that many years. He is—it is more or less safely assumed—the oldest Legionnaire. If there are any older, this department would like to hear about them.

But Legionnaire Carpenter is a bit dismayed. An Englishman bred and born; officer in the British Navy during the American Civil War; on active duty with the American Navy during the World War, he keenly feels the restraint of age that keeps him out of the present conflict—the first one he has missed in

birthday, with a big cake and all the trimmings, the twenty-seven piece junior band of Villotto-Riggin Post of East Rutherford, and a lot of visiting dignitaries. In recognition of Comrade Carpenter's services in the British Navy, six British sailors attended as official representatives of their government, all of whom were veterans of the first World War and have seen hard service in the present conflict. President Roosevelt sent his greetings, read to the assembly by Commander Julius A. Lovington. The President wrote: "Permit me to join with others of your friends in extending hearty congratulations on the notable occasion of the centenary of your birth. I hope the day will bring you many pleasant reminiscences and



claim was accorded the youngsters representing Edith Ayers Post following capture of their second straight title in The Press-American Legion Junior Baseball League. The lads courageously fought down a ninth-inning uprising by Variety Post to nab a 4-3 decision and again gain possession of The Press trophy."

Boy Scouts

FEBRUARY is a month of anniversaries—a month that looms large in the patriotic calendar of America—but not the least of the annual observances is the birthday of the Boy Scouts of America. On February 8th the Scouts will celebrate the thirty-second anniversary of the founding of this great youth movement and will, at that time, start on their thirty-third year with a greater numerical strength, more firmly entrenched in the public consciousness, and with greater opportunities for service than ever before. The Boy Scouts of America, trained under competent leadership, may be said to constitute our first line of junior home defense.

The Legion takes pride, and a great pride it is, in the Scout Troops under individual Post sponsorship, not only in number but in efficiency, and an ever-readiness to respond to calls for community and broader service. Scouts have

(Continued on page 52)



Boy Scout Troop No. 90, sponsored by Omaha (Neb.) Post, the Legion's largest, loading up for a two-weeks trip to Yellowstone Park and points west

seventy-five years. A native of Bath, England, born November 6, 1841, he was graduated from Christ Church College, Oxford, before entering the British Navy, in which he served fifteen years. Later he was appointed Collector of Taxes at Kingston, Jamaica, by Queen Victoria, and from that island came to America.

When the United States entered the World War he promptly reported himself to the nearest recruiting station, gave his age as fifty-five, proved his naval service and was accepted. He was assigned to the U. S. S. *Scythia*. On discharge at the end of the war he returned to Haverhill, Massachusetts, where he became a member of Wilbur M. Comeau Post. Later, when he removed to New Jersey, he transferred to West Hoboken Post and last August lodged his membership with Rutherford Post.

His home Post threw a big party for him on the occasion of his one-hundredth

that you will accept my very best wishes for your health and happiness."

Two-Time Champs

"WHEN a baseball team sponsored by a woman's Post wins its second straight championship, it is news," opines Legionnaire Mary C. McHale of Edith Work Ayers Post, Cleveland, Ohio, and this department is inclined to agree with her. "Our team graduated from the American Legion Junior Baseball competition this fall, but we all hope that we will hear from them in the professional leagues. They are good!" Boys will grow up, and the junior baseball age limit is seventeen. But there are a lot of other good youngsters in Cleveland—Edith Ayers Post can coach another team to victory.

"Winners and still champions!" says the *Cleveland Press* in the best prize-ring announcement manner. "This ac-



John Butt as "Elmer" and Ruth Thompson as "Mabel" in T. H. B. Post's Gay Nineties comedy



Men of Troop B, 4th Cavalry, visited the volcano of Kilauea on the Island of Hawaii in 1917

"Kilauea volcano instead of being a peak, appears to be on level ground. The crater is about 3,000 feet in diameter and is full of burning, bubbling lava all the time. Kilauea is merely a hole about 4,000 feet up the side of Mauna Loa, which in itself is a volcano. Although active, Kilauea is not a dangerous volcano, as most of its activity has been confined to its pit, except for two explosive eruptions recorded in 1790 and 1924. Occasionally, lava flows over the floor of its main pit, into the lava beds.

"These lava beds run down one side

Pacific Outpost

THE Hawaiian Islands were indeed a pacific outpost of the United States—a land of flowers and soft music and romance, a mecca for tourists, an Eden even for the United States Forces stationed there at the Crossroads of the Pacific Ocean, our powerful base for the Pacific Fleet. They were a pacific outpost until the treacherous attack by Japan upon Pearl Harbor and upon the air fields and Army Posts on Oahu, the island upon which Honolulu is situated. And now we are in an all-out war with Japan and Germany and Italy, a war in which the services of us veterans of the earlier World War are again offered to our country in such capacities as the Government may deem us fit for. Many of our comrades are again in active service—a far greater percentage will no doubt be enlisted in the State Guards and in civilian defense positions.

Several months before the catastrophe occurred, ex-Trooper C. W. Arnett, Troop B, 4th U. S. Cavalry, of 120 North Elm Street, Wellington, Kansas, in browsing through his souvenirs of the war in which we fought, came across some pictures which were taken while he was in service in Hawaii during 1917, and sent them to us. The two photographs we show and Legionnaire Arnett's accompanying letter cover a far happier period in that Pacific outpost during a wartime period. Today's war is a grim reality there. But veterans of World War I, though standing ready to give full service in the present emergency, are still justified, we feel, in continuing to reminisce about the days when they were in uniform. Comrade Arnett tells this story of his experiences:

"One of my interesting memories of service in the Hawaiian Islands with Troop B, 4th Cavalry, was a trip a group of us took during the early fall of 1917 to the volcano of Kilauea on the Island of Hawaii, one of the Hawaiian group in the Pacific. I am enclosing two pictures taken during our tour.

"We had been given two weeks' leave to make the journey and the men of Troop B each contributed five dollars towards the expenses. We chartered a ship from the Hawaiian Steamship Company at Honolulu for the 185-mile sea-trip to Hilo on the Island of Hawaii, which proved to be a twenty-four-hour voyage. Arrived at Hilo, we still had a seventy-mile trip by train out to where the volcano of Kilauea is located.

of the mountain to the bottom, while on the other side they reach within a mile or so of the Volcano Hotel, which is seven or eight miles from the crater. At night, sitting on the hotel veranda, it is a beautiful, but awesome, sight to watch the actions on Kilauea. Towering above Kilauea are Mauna Kea, which with its 13,825 feet height, is the highest island mountain in the world, and Mauna Loa, 150 feet lower in height. Mauna Kea has snow on its summit.

"Of course, we heard the story of Pele, the Hawaiian goddess of volcanoes, to whom in the early days natives used to make human sacrifices in hopes of keeping the volcanoes from erupting.

"One of the pictures shows the crater of Kilauea with the lava crust about the



Part of the crater of Kilauea volcano, 3,000 feet in diameter. The active center is toward the left, with beds of crusted lava surrounding it



When the freighter *Westbridge*, above, was torpedoed in August, 1918, the crew of the U. S. S. *Burrows* picked up her survivors

edges and the active section in the middle, and the other shows some of the soldier tourists, including Richards, Dougherty, Heist, Haga, Crayne, Aller and Hamlin. I should like to hear from them and also from Captain Weiss, John Suggs, Bud Souls, John Bradshaw, Albert Blaisdell, Frank Dougherty, Ralph Bookhammer and other men who served with me in Troop B during 1917."

AFTER the first, fierce, surprise onslaught upon our ships in the Pacific, the Navy immediately got into action and is giving a first-class account of its fighting powers. That is no more than we expected of the present-day gobs who are carrying on the traditions of the Navy established by the men in blue in our war and in wars preceding it.

The picture we show of the U. S. S. *Westbridge*, after she had been torpedoed, came to us from Peter E. Cocchi, Legionnaire of 25 Malden Street, Springfield, Massachusetts, who is secretary of the U. S. S. *Burrows* World War Association, and with it came this yarn:

"The veterans of the crew of our ship, the U. S. S. *Burrows*, have formed an association and have held several successful reunions. We would like to let the rest of the gang know about this, so more of them can enjoy our meetings.

"And now, Company Clark, how about a little story about the World War I destroyers? I think that some of us guys who served aboard those tin cans during 1917 and 1918 should receive some recognition, as we had some interesting experiences, too.

"On August 15, 1918, at 7:16 P. M., the Destroyer *Burrows* left the convoy she was helping to escort to go to the assistance of the S. S. *Montanan*, which had been torpedoed. We arrived at the scene of the torpedoing at 5:55 A. M. the next morning and instead of only the *Montanan*, we found also the U. S. S. *Westbridge*, a freighter, torpedoed and in

a sinking condition, though she survived.

"We picked up the crew of the *Westbridge* and discovered among the survivors two young women stowaways who were on their way to France to visit their boy friends. A boat was sent to the *Westbridge* with a salvage party from the *Burrows* and one of our salvage crew found in going through the disabled ship's crew quarters, one member of her crew still asleep in his bunk. He didn't know his ship had been torpedoed and abandoned. Was he surprised to hear the news! But luckier still, the ship did not sink.

"In the meantime, another destroyer—I believe it was the *Warrington*—arrived and picked up the survivors from the *Montanan*. Shortly afterward the *Montanan* sank. We stuck around for a couple of hours longer hoping the sub would come back so we'd get a crack at her, but as she failed to appear, we headed for Brest, France, to unload our cargo of survivors.

"That same afternoon, we picked up the survivors of a French fishing smack

which had been sunk by gunfire from a U-boat. These survivors, four old men, and two boys not over ten years old, had been adrift in a little two-by-four boat for three days. They told us later that the sight of our American destroyer was the happiest moment they had ever had in their lives. We almost had to use force to keep them away from the scuttle butt (drinking-fountain to land-lubbers!) for fear they would make themselves sick from pouring down too much water. We arrived back in Brest harbor the next morning at 10:30 o'clock.

"At the time of these incidents, I was a member of the bridge gang, a quartermaster, on the *Burrows* and was one of the salvage crew that boarded the *Westbridge*.

"I enclose a copy of a snapshot of the *Westbridge* in its sinking condition, taken from the *Burrows*. The *Westbridge* however, managed to remain afloat, was towed into Brest and later refitted for further service. If any of the former gobs on the *Westbridge* or *Burrows* will write to me, I'll gladly send them a copy of the snapshot print."

WE VETERANS who because of physical disabilities or encroaching age can no longer offer our services in the active forces of our military establishment to help win the war, can contribute in a substantial way through the purchase of Defense Bonds (which someone recently suggested should be called War Bonds) or Defense Stamps. It takes billions of dollars to conduct a war successfully. Which brings to mind that in our World War, men in the several services were not only enlisted or inducted to fight the war, but they were invited also to finance it. Remember the Liberty Loan drives in the various camps, aboard ship and on shore stations—and the millions of dollars' worth of bonds for which the fighting men subscribed?



The Engineer Division, U. S. S. *Charleston*, stages a parade on deck to celebrate going over the top in a Liberty Bond sale during our war



Chowtime for men of Service Park Unit 355 at Castelfranco, Italy, in 1918. Sergeant Mullin at right (uncovered); Stokes at extreme left; Clarke, in center, now on New York's police force

Rivalries developed between companies, battalions and regiments, divisions aboard ships, and among other organizations as to which would first reach a hundred percent subscription of Liberty Bonds, or top that mark. Past Commander O. D. Turner, of Lamar County Post, Vernon, Alabama, who recently reported to The Company Clerk that he is again on duty at the Naval Base at Algiers, Louisiana, reminded us of these bond sales by sending us a picture of his division aboard the U. S. S. *Charleston* celebrating its completion of a hundred-percent purchase of bonds. Incidentally, the ex-crew of the *Charleston* has organized a veterans' association, held a successful reunion during the Legion National Convention in Boston in 1940, and is pointing towards another reunion next September in New Orleans. But we'll let Past Commander Turner tell about the picture and more recent activities:

"The first thing I read in the Legion Magazine is Then and Now, and with the present sale of Defense Bonds and Stamps, I remembered a picture in my war archives showing the result of a Liberty Bond sale aboard my old ship, the U. S. S. *Charleston*. That picture is enclosed.

"The picture shows my Engineer Division of the *Charleston* on parade on the deck of our ship after we had reached a one-hundred-percent subscription. When it was suggested on board that all men who wanted Liberty Bonds could get them, it did not take these lower-deck fighters long to sign up every man. We then went on deck for our parade and soon other Divisions of the ship followed.

"What a ship! What a crew! Twenty-four years ago last June 28th, the

Charleston, with the *Allen*, *McCall*, *Preston* and the ill-fated *Cyclops*, escorted the *Mallory*, *Finland* and *San Jacinto*—Convoy Group Three—into the harbor of St. Nazaire, France. That was, of course, in 1917.

"The *Charleston* made five trips in convoy, brought back seven loads of troops after the war, trained armed guard crews and did many other duties.

"Through announcements published in your Outfit Notices column, we succeeded in holding a very successful reunion of former officers and men of the *Charleston* in Boston during the Legion National Convention in 1940, and received many letters and cards from shipmates who couldn't be there. We are still getting cards and letters. Many of our men are back in service.

"Now I am on duty at the Naval Base here at Algiers, Louisiana—have been



here five months—and hoping to stay here, want to get the ball rolling for another reunion during the Legion National Convention in New Orleans, next September 21st to 24th. We hope to have a bigger and better reunion than our first one in Boston. We also invite the many soldiers, marines, armed guard crews and others who were at one time or another on the *Charleston* or in her convoys. I wish all of the men would write to me here at the Naval Base, Algiers, Louisiana."

Comrade Turner is assured of at least one attendant and collaborator, because a former shipmate of his on the *Charleston*, Legionnaire A. H. Russell, Modern Cafe, Three Rivers, Texas, wrote us also at about the same time, suggesting a reunion of the crew at New Orleans. So, gobs, there you have two men who will work for a successful meeting. Write to them.

COÖPERATION, plus, is what The Company Clerk can usually depend upon from the Then and Now Gang in connection with the unidentified pictures that are occasionally used to illustrate his columns. If you'll refer to your January, 1941, issue of the Legion Magazine (page 34) you will find a picture of a soldier dinner party, which we suggested might have been some holiday celebration—the only clew, from the fact that the photographer's stamp showed he was located in Padova, Castelfranco, being that it was probably held in Italy. The picture had been given to Legionnaire Charles C. Curtis, Colonel, C. O. of the 213th Coast Artillery, Allentown, Pennsylvania, who had been recalled to service, by Dr. Albright of his city, who had received it from some man evidently trained at the Allentown Fair Grounds.

Several Legionnaires wrote to us promptly regarding the group shown—Lloyd Willoughby of 333 North Michigan Avenue (Continued on page 54)



Service Park Unit 355 all set in 1919 to leave Castelfranco. Rumors had destination as Coblenz, Germany, or a Russian port. It turned out to be Hoboken, New Jersey

To Our Fighting Men

(Continued from page 23)

the knockout against Prussian imperialism, we Americans neglected to secure the peace which we had fought so hard to win.

So the fight's got to be won all over again, and you, with us of the older generations, must make certain that it won't happen again. We must "organize the world" after the victory which your valor will gain for us and our allies. They have performed miracles of bravery in standing up to a powerful and ruthless engine of destruction and tyranny that was years in the making. In justice to you and to ourselves we must say candidly that had not President Roosevelt and the Congress of the United States taken a realistic view of the world situation and acted, Hitler's despotism would almost certainly have conquered the European continent and we would now be facing the Axis powers alone. As it is, you must in the phrase made famous by Garibaldi in addressing his Italian patriots in the early '60s face "cold and hunger and sickness and misery," plus the "blood, sweat and tears" that Winston Churchill immortalized in his message to the beleaguered British nation in 1940.

You and the American people as a whole know of the conscientious efforts made by your Government to outlaw war as an instrument of national policy. Even after the Japanese conquest of Manchuria, and the rape of Abyssinia and Albania by the Italians, President Roosevelt invited the so-called "have-not" nations (Germany, Italy, Japan) to participate in a world conference which would have guaranteed all nations access to the materials necessary to an ordered, peaceful existence. The invitation was contemptuously rejected by the leaders of those nations now menacing our existence.

You are the heirs of a great tradition. The United States has never lost a war, and it will not lose this one, because our leaders by far-seeing action bought eighteen months of military and industrial preparedness between the fall of France and the stab in the back in Hawaii. Nobody can foretell what you will have to face, but your Government is girding itself for a long war, and neither "good news" nor "bad news" will cause a let-up in the effort which we shall make that you may have

what it will take to destroy this organized tyranny.

We Americans are of many races and creeds. In time of peace we glory in our differences, for under the Constitution which is our shield and bulwark every person has the right to live his life according to the dictates of his conscience. In wartime we put first things first, giving up the precious privileges guaranteed us by the Constitution, in the interest of our salvation as a nation.

IT IS perhaps fitting, in view of the national unity we have achieved to quote here a few words spoken some forty years ago by United States Senator George Frisbie Hoar of Massachusetts in a eulogy of President William McKinley, who had just been slain by an anarchist. Senator Hoar told the Massachusetts Republican State Convention:

... You and I are Republicans. You and I are men of the North. Most of us are Protestants in religion. We are men of native birth. Yet, if every Republican were today to fall in his place, as William McKinley has fallen, I believe our countrymen of the other party, in spite of what we deem their errors, would take the Republic and bear on the Flag to liberty and glory. I believe if every Protestant were to be stricken down by a lightning stroke that our brethren of the Catholic faith would still carry on the Republic in the spirit of a true and liberal freedom. I believe if every man of native birth within our borders were to die this day, the men of foreign birth, who have come here to seek homes and liberty under the shadow of the Republic, would carry on the Republic in God's appointed way. I believe if every man of the North were to die, the new and chastened South, with the virtues it has cherished from the beginning, of love of home and love of State and love of freedom, with its courage and its constancy, would take the country and bear it on to the achievement of its lofty destiny. The anarchist must slay seventy-five million Americans before he can slay the Republic.

Of course, there would be mistakes. Of course, there would be disappointments and grievous errors. Of course, there would be many things for which the lovers of liberty would mourn. But America would survive them all, and the nation our fathers planted would abide in perennial life.

That is the sort of country for which you fight. It's a country worthy of your highest devotion, and you will not fail it.

In Mr. Lincoln's Service

(Continued from page 17)

able only to himself. We will build a schoolhouse here. Oak street must be widened and made the main thoroughfare, broad enough for four carriages to pass abreast. Here where stands Jackson's blacksmith shop will be a library and perhaps a post office. The railroad depot will come in about there.

Suddenly he heard his grandfather talking to him. It was 1844 and Grandfather Eastman was still a hale and hearty though somewhat bitter man at eighty-seven; young Cornelius Eastman was just rounding sixteen.

"Neil, you are growing quicker than weeds. . . . Remember this about war: Man sees inevitably a *casus belli* in the

acts of another man, or another nation. I do not mean to have you ever downtrodden, or yoked at the neck by some tyrannical man or body of men, but so sure as the Lord is my Shepherd, there is never a just cause for war, no sense to armed conflict, no glory in battle.

"Yet I know this to be true: *You and your sons will go to war*, as will the sons of your sons, for there will always be a war so long as there is a civilization. No matter how courageous and determined you are *not* to take up arms, you will do so. You will take up arms and kill your fellow man, or be killed—if you listen to minds other than your own. Men will, men do, always and forever. And this is the horrible part of it, Neil; less than

one-half score of any random picked one thousand men desire war. And this is the message I would give to all: No man is cowardly if he stands unappalled at the turbulence of terrified people, if he sees at first sight the disingenuousness of human hysteria, and steadfastly says '*I will not go to war!*'"

Sage advice, puerile prattle? Just what were those words? Mister Eastman went down the stairs and into the brassy sunlight; walking stick swinging slowly, rhythmically, he strode northward. His thoughts peregrinated. That wife of his, Rebecca had appeared so distraught this morning. Poor woman, she did not look at all well, lately. He hated to see her brown eyes losing their lively animation,

which seemed to be the case these days; she was a pretty woman, cultured, but growing old rapidly. Had their barren bed brought this on? He did not know.

Rebecca, dear woman! Cannot you loosen your pretty tongue once again? You, with your fine, purposeful mind, you have never helped me decide things. You do not plan with me. I must always guess your thoughts, for you are silent—when I need you most. I am like an orphan. And man cannot stand alone, or lonely.

"You walk awful fast, Mister Eastman."

The childish voice, close on his heels, cut into Mister Eastman's thoughts. He slowed down and glanced around. It was young Jonathan Rapelyje, scuffling through the dust with a package in one hand and a tree branch over his right shoulder. The boy's blue eyes looked doubtfully at Mister Eastman's face, then a friendly smile crinkled his face.

"Aren't you a long way from home, Master Jonathan?" Mister Eastman believed children should be seen, but not heard. Yet this boy's face carried a manliness he liked; he was no saucebox.

"No sir, I'm not so far. I go away over to Barrow's woods some days. I go hunting."

Mister Eastman relit his segar. The boy's eyes were on the walking stick. He seemed hypnotized by it. Well, what did he hunt, Mister Eastman asked, casually. Rebels. Mister Eastman nearly choked on the smoke. Why, there are no rebels up this way, certainly not on Long Island. The boy wasn't so sure about that; he'd seen four or five of them skulking through the bushes one afternoon last week and he had fired a shot or two at them. . . .

"You shot at them? You haven't a gun, have you?"

"No sir, I haven't, but I make believe with this." The boy dropped the package in the dust and showed Mister Eastman how to aim and fire with the tree branch. "Of course, it's not 'xactly like having a real gun. It's not even as good a make believe as that. . . ." The boy pointed at Mister Eastman's walking stick.

The rattle of a sword, the sight of a flag, the beat of a drum. None of these was here. Just a childless man heeding the enthusiasms of a boy of eight. Time stood still as Mister Eastman looked gravely at young Rapelyje. He saw in that boyish face much of his own youth, some of his loneliness, many of his dreams. Mister Eastman took up his stride. The boy trotted with him.

Fifty paces. A hundred. Young Rapelyje said, "My father told me to stay home. He told mother to stay home, too. He's going to fight the rebels, but he told me to stay home and said I was big enough to take care of mama. Mama wanted to say goodbye at the meeting place, but she couldn't. She's sick and she was sick like that before."

Yes, Mister Eastman said, silently. She probably is sick, come to think of it. She lost one baby in childbirth, the second Rapelyje child. Fruitful woman, she was now with child again. Boy and man walked on. The boy said, "But I'm going to see father and say goodbye and tell him I will take good care of mama. He forgot his stockings mama washed for him and I'm taking them over to him. Do you think he'll be mad at me?"

Mister Eastman said he didn't know. "But," he added, "we will soon find out." It was only three-quarters of a mile.



Three-quarters of a mile almost to the foot. Mister Eastman knew; he had surveyed all this land long since.

TWO of the men, Rapelyje and Kouwenhoven, squatted on their heels at the side of the road, silent, chewing tobacco and from time to time expectorating in the road. The two, with eight others, were waiting for black-bearded Jeremiah Lott to come across the fields from Winfield way. Lott had been appointed leader of conscripts and charged with the responsibility of seeing that they arrived in New York before sundown.

Three of the men shuffled their feet in the dust of the road, not particularly nervous but anxious to be on their way to war now that they must go; one of them carried a musket, held muzzle down through the crook of his arm. No one joshed him about it; he thought he might as well bring his own gun, one he knew how to shoot. The other conscripts lounged on a slight bank across the road. One of them sat up suddenly and waved his unlit segar in swift circles; his eyes bulged and scattered from face to face and a bit of spittle was on his lips; fright was there, ill concealed, and a sudatory odor came from him.

"Jumpin' Jehosaphat!" he shouted. "The ——— might leastwise send a dray to take us over. Five-six miles to the ferry and my feet ain't so good."

"Shut up, Reddie," said Rapelyje,

steadily. "Likely as not Mayor Opdike of New York will send over a ladies' phaeton for your majesty."

One man guffawed. A few grinned, mirthlessly. Reddie subsided, mumbling.

Rapelyje offered Kouwenhoven a fresh chew of his plug, but Kouwenhoven said no, he was worried about his crippled sister. There was some money, blame little though, and she might manage to eat sparingly, but that was about all; Rapelyje, you're fair lucky, getting all that gold from Mister Eastman. Rapelyje grunted; he felt no resentment, for he liked the stocky, usually phlegmatic Kouwenhoven. He closed his eyes and figured carefully: Annie needed a doctor, bad, and there was the greenhouse he had planned for years, his own business; he had accepted Mister Eastman's offer for those two reasons, the doctor and the greenhouse. However, he'd write his wife and tell her to look after Miss Kouwenhoven; they could spare some of the money. Not much.

Conversation ceased as all eyes went down the road; down the road and then across the fields, for through the fields Jeremiah Lott's stalwart figure was visible and to the east and down the lane came the unmistakable Mister Eastman and at his side young Jonathan Rapelyje. Rapelyje scowled. He had told the boy to stay to home; all the men by mutual agreement had told their families to stay away. Now what had happened? Was Annie sicker? And what was Mister Eastman doing here? Rapelyje's heart pounded savagely, for this might be disaster topping the deadly heartbreak of leaving a family behind in time of war.

Jeremiah Lott arrived first. All the conscripts were standing, even the quivering Reddie. Lott had not sighted Mister Eastman.

"Everybody here?" Lott demanded, drawing a sheaf of papers from his pocket. He counted the men with his fierce, unfriendly eyes, and began calling their names.

"Rapelyje, Kouwenhoven, Sullivan, Dufoy, Mueller, Reddie, Mortimer, Suddarff. . . ."

No one answered. Mister Eastman nodded to all. Young Rapelyje had dropped back, abashed. Lott continued calling the names. Rapelyje looked steadily, coldly, at his son.

"Jonathan," he said, "you brought my extra stockings."

The boy handed him the package, stepped back again. He said, calmly and clearly, "'Bye, father, I'll be brave. I won't cry, and I'll take good care of mama, like you said."

The boy seemed to edge nearer Mister Eastman. And Mister Eastman was studying young Rapelyje's face again. He suddenly wanted to do something for this boy. No trace of tears on the youth's manly little face, just a quiet wonder presaging coming terror and loneliness. Yet Mister Eastman didn't

know just what to do. It was a strange, new feeling, this desire to help; not at all like his almost automatic buying a cord of wood and groceries for Cousin Mary and her sickly husband, nor guaranteeing to pay for the new hymn books for Pastor De Puyster's Church.

Men shuffled uneasily in the dust. Lott nodded to Mister Eastman and lit his pipe, signifying he was ready to leave. Mister Eastman turned and handed his walking stick to young Jonathan Rapelyje. Children do things to you no man or woman, law or mandate can ever do.

"This will help you to be brave, Master Jonathan. You shoot all the rebels you can."

Eastman turned and faced the elder Rapelyje.

"John," he said, his voice deeply clear, "go home to your family."

"But, Mister Eastman, I . . ."

"Go home to your family. Get a doctor—a good one. The money is yours."

"He cannot go home," said Jeremiah Lott, thrusting his body and words into the tense tableau.

"I want to go home. . . ." whined Reedie.

"Mister Lott, I am well within my rights," said Mister Eastman. "I have decided to go with you."

Lott scowled, an immense terrifying scowl and then his eyes softened for a fleeting second and the smoke from his

pipe eddied about the opened-mouthed group.

"Makes no difference to me, Mister Eastman," he said, "who goes or who don't go, just so I take ten men to New York with me. We're leaving now."

Mister Eastman paused only to wonder if men who hated war always changed their minds at the crucial moment, or did some of them have the tenacity to refuse forever to bear arms. He did not know the answer. He now knew nothing of the past, and less of the future. He gave Jonathan Rapelyje a firm, friendly shove homeward and fell in step with Kouwenhoven. After a while he reduced his stride, for Kouwenhoven was short of leg and asthmatic.

Ohio: In There Pitching

(Continued from page 25)

was surprised once, and believe me, we're not going to be surprised in this State. It can happen here."

He picked up a sheet of paper covered with a lot of figures.

"One of the queerest developments of the war," he said, "is the sudden boost in membership of the Ohio Department. Veterans who had never joined the Legion before are now signing up. It looks as if veterans, unable to join the uniformed forces, and still wanting to serve somehow, are joining the Legion as the one disciplined organization that can give them something to do. They're signing up, as it were, for the duration."

"This is all swell," I said, "but all of them can't be firemen, cops or air-raid wardens. What are you going to give the *others* to do?"

Commander Hartpence smiled mysteriously. "I'll give you an answer to that—tonight. You come along with me."

He picked up a batch of telegrams from Posts wanting assignments, and that night we went to a Legion Post meeting.

"You fellows," Hartpence told them, "have been asking what you can do to serve the country in this crisis. Well, there is your answer"—he pointed to the wall behind him—"it was written twenty years ago. You've read it a hundred times, and it's a perfect order of the day. Let me read and interpret it to show what I mean.

"'For God and Country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: to uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States.' That's a job all of us must do. Only a few will wear the uniform again. But those who do must return to find that democratic institutions have been preserved—that what they are fighting for is not lost. We took the front line in 1917-1918, this time the home front is

our concern. So our Americanism program is vital and must be continued.

"'To maintain law and order.' Our auxiliary fire and police brigades, our work with Civilian Defense, what are we doing but carrying out this provision of our Preamble? All the drill and study may seem useless, boring now, but in time of attack—in the confusion of a blackout—with enemy planes roaring overhead—the training and discipline you are getting now will make you swift and efficient then, and save lives and property. One slogan we should all remember is: America can't be surprised twice.

"'To foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism.' What does that mean? It means that every program, every objective we have sought in all the years of the Legion's existence must be carried on as before. We've got to go on doing the peacetime job in wartime. In 1941 Ohio had 787 youths in the Buckeye Boys' State. They learned the meaning of American citizenship; its duties, its privileges, its responsibilities. Let us have 900 in 1942, or a thousand. They're the ones who will make democracy a going concern in 1960. Let us increase the Squadrons of the Sons of The American Legion from 84 to a hundred—or even more. Let us put school awards in every school. Conduct more essay contests. Make a study of practical Americanism a part of the curriculum of every high school. We've got many sponsored Boy Scout troops. Let's have more. We've got a junior baseball organization we're proud of, but let's increase the number of teams.

"To those splendid men in the Army and Navy now bearing the onslaught of world forces of destruction we must be certain to keep the faith; train American youth to understand the liberties the Army and Navy are now shedding their blood to defend.

"To inculcate a sense of individual

obligation to the community, State and Nation.' Much as we should like to throw aside the worries and responsibilities of being on the side-line in this war, we cannot—we must not—do so. This time it is our job to keep the home fires burning clearly. Since the Legion's birth it has created in every community respect and gratitude for what it has done. If a community needs a swimming pool, and the Post had planned to make one—then the job must be done. The one thing the 528 Posts of Ohio can do is fulfill to the last letter its program of service to its community. Every one of our 52,000 Legionnaires must re-dedicate himself to this task.

"Remember, one day soon there will be another veterans' organization created, made up of those men who are now fighting in the front lines of democracy. We who pioneered the tradition of veterans' service in peace to the nation, must continue to set an example to those who now so nobly defend the future of the country.

"Our obligation to our wounded and disabled comrades has grown no less because of this new world conflict. Our pledge to care for the widows and orphans of veterans must still be re-deemed.

"To make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of freedom, justice and democracy."

"There in simple dignity is written the war aims of the United States in this conflict. To make those words a reality Americans are dying half way around the globe. They'll do their job; it is for us to carry out our duties here at home. For twenty years the Legion served in peace; now it must serve equally well in war, giving the same measure of devotion it has yielded since 1919. Indeed, we should be more zealous in carrying out our Legion program.

By so doing we shall 'consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.'"

Those listeners came up off their chairs, their faces flushed, and their eyes bright, and they yelled their approval. When I left Ohio the Post club-houses were registering Legionnaire skills for use in Civilian Defense, using them as headquarters for C. D., and pitching into the duller disciplined effort of preparing to meet any emergency.

Middletown and Zanesville started collecting scrap iron to prevent a short-

age at the American Rolling Mill Company. Zanesville collected 305,000 pounds. More than one hundred and fifty Posts fell in line, and tens of thousands of pounds were collected and sold for twelve dollars a ton. Some of the Posts gave their collections to child welfare; others were contributing to the United Service Organizations. Still others not only aided national defense by collecting much needed scrap iron, but financed the building of a clubhouse. Hardly any Posts made less than \$1,000 by this means. And throughout

the nation are millions of tons of scrap iron that are needed.

"I want that idea passed on to the Legion as a whole," Commander Hartpence said. "The millions of tons of abandoned steel lying in dump lots is vital to our defense. If we in Ohio can collect more than three million pounds, then other Departments can do as well or better. And finance their community betterment efforts in the doing."

Yes, Ohio has enlisted for the duration and has produced ideas of civilian defense that will be used everywhere.

We Are Coming, Father Abraham

(Continued from page 1)

ing of flesh and blood. It is heard only once in a while at special events, but the galloping, rhythmic tune composed for it by Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore is still played, and the spirit of the song is as fresh today as it was in that gloomy summer of 1862 when it was written by James Sloan Gibbons, New York Quaker-banker, to stir the drooping spirits of an already war-weary people. Change a few words in the lyric to fit the most recent crisis and you have a song made to order for 1942: "We Are Coming, Uncle Samuel, Hundred Thirty Million Strong." What strength there is in the altered first line of the last verse: "You have called us and we're coming, by Pearl Harbor's bloody tide."

Strange how the same theme motif occurs time after time, war after war, and generation after generation in the inspirational songs. That line of Gibbons', "From Mississippi's winding stream and from New England's shore," reappears in "the halls of Montezuma to the shores of Tripoli" of the Marine Hymn, as "they were summoned from the hillside, they were called in from the glen" in Mrs. Guillbertford's "Keep the Home Fires Burning," and again as the sweeping "from the mountains, to the prairies" in Irving Berlin's "God Bless America." All are songs that were not written at the white heat of a righteous anger but are expressive of the same devoted patriotism, elevation of spirit, indignation against wrong, and a strong determination to preserve the national unity whatever betide. That is the spirit of the America we know; the America we love.

In mid-November, just before the perfidious Japs struck at Pearl Harbor while their envoys were talking peace to the President and the State Department, a noted manuscript collection belonging to the late Colonel Louis J. Kolb was offered at public sale. One of the items in that sale was the original manuscript, so attested in a personal letter by the author, of "Three Hundred Thousand More." In a sale that included Lincoln's letter to General Hooker, an original manuscript of "The Star Spangled Ban-

ner," Grant's "I propose to fight it out on this line if it takes all summer" letter to Secretary of War Stanton, "Father Abraham" of Gibbons attracted but slight attention—but enough to recall the song and the incident that inspired it to public attention at just the right time.

The summer of 1862 was a gloomy one for the North. The national army in the field had met reverse after reverse. There was dissension in the ranks of those entrusted to preserve the Government. Politics, jealousies, defeatist movements pressed down upon the President who was called "Old Abe" by many, some in a spirit of derision and contempt, others using the term because of their admiration for and confidence in him. He was also called "Uncle Abe" and "Father Abraham" by many as an expression of affectionate regard. He was, as he said many times, sprung from the common people and God must love them, He made so many of them. He was Father Abraham to the men who filled the ranks of the Army.

McClellan's Peninsular Campaign had fizzled out to an inglorious finish with staggering losses in men and material. National prestige and public morale were sinking. Defeat had followed defeat since the first major clash at Bull Run in the summer of '61. Then, on July 1, 1862, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand volunteers for three years' service or until the end of the war.

In his New York home, James Sloan Gibbons sat himself down to take stock of the state of the nation in the philosophic calm of his Quaker mind. He was well into middle-age, born at Wilmington, Delaware, on July 1, 1810, and was, therefore, past the age when he could render active and efficient service in the field. Though a banker and business man, he had interested himself in public questions for many years, had written dry, dull books on banking and economics, had interested himself in the slavery question and, as the son-in-law of Isaac T. Hopper, had made something of a reputation as a philanthropist and reformer.

Gibbons was perturbed. He was a

Hicksite Quaker, a birthright member, with all of the inborn pacific tendencies of his people, but as his son-in-law later said, he had "a reasonable tendency toward wrath in cases of emergency." His wife and eldest daughter were at the front serving in hospitals, so the war was, after all, very close to him. The evening papers headlined the call of the President for volunteers, indicating that the President himself believed the war would be a long one. He could not rest, so he started out on a long walk. "I began to con over a song," he later wrote. "The words seemed to fall into ranks and files and to come with a measured step. Directly would come along a company of soldiers with fife and drum, and that helped matters amazingly. I began to keep step myself—three hundred thousand and more—it was the very natural answer to the President's call—we are coming—and to prefix the term *father*. Then the line would follow 'We are coming, Father Abraham!' and nothing was more natural than the number of soldiers wanted 'three hundred thousand more.' Where from? *Shore* is the rhyming word wanted. A Western regiment marched by—from Minnesota it was—and the line came at once in full: 'From Mississippi's winding stream, and from New England's shore. Two lines in full. . . . Then followed—how naturally:

'We leave our plows and workshops, our wives and children dear,
'With hearts too full for utterance, with but a silent tear.'

And so it went on, word by word, line by line, until the whole song was made." And it was made when it was first set down on paper; but one slight alteration was made before it was forwarded to William Cullen Bryant, poet-editor of the New York *Evening Post*, for publication.

The lyric was published in the *Evening Post* on July 16, 1862, without signature or indication of authorship. No explanatory statement was made and it was immediately assumed by *Post* readers that the poem was the work of Mr. Bryant. In fact, at a public meeting held in Boston on the day after the

poem appeared it was read publicly by Josiah Quincy as "the latest poem written by Mr. William C. Bryant."

The swing of the words, literally tramped into marching rhythm, easily adapted the lyric to a musical setting and a half dozen or more of the war-time composers tried their hands at it, not the least of them Stephen Collins Foster, by long odds the most eminent of our composers of folk music. But his "Father Abraham" lacked a lot of having the qualities of "Old Folks at Home," "My Old Kentucky Home," "Oh, Susannah," or any one of a dozen others that could be mentioned. It failed to click. The Hutchinson Family, a noted group that toured the New England and Northern States for years singing the songs of freedom, made a setting and included "Father Abraham" in their repertoire. Luther O. Emerson, gospel hymn composer, tried his practiced hand, with but little effect. Earlier, however, Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, America's number one military band leader from before the Civil War down to his death in the early 1890's, gave the lyric a musical setting that has survived. His was the one that caught the popular ear and "stuck like burrs to the skirt of a blackberry girl." Nearly all of these early compositions bore the name of William Cullen Bryant.

When Jesse Hutchinson was told by a friend that the song used by his singing

family was not by Bryant but by James Sloan Gibbons he exclaimed: "What—our old friend Gibbons!" When assured that it was by none other, Jesse hesitated for a few minutes, then announced a great decision: "Well, we'll keep the name of Bryant as we've got it. He's better known than Gibbons." The poem appeared so regularly in newspapers and magazines, in broadsides and sheet music form under Bryant's name that he, to settle matters once and for all, penned a little denial of authorship: "The spirited poem entitled 'Three Hundred Thousand More' which has been copied in many of our journals both daily and weekly as the production of W. C. Bryant, is not from his pen but from that of James S. Gibbons of this city." The little slip of paper on which Bryant entered his denial was given to Gibbons, and by him given to Charles Nordhoff—not the current *Mutiny on the Bounty* Charles, but an elder man of the same name—who attached it to the original manuscript; then after nearly eighty years it again comes to light in the Kolb collection.

Gibbons gained nothing but *name* for his song; it even caused him great monetary loss, for in the draft riots in New York in 1863 his home was marked out for destruction, his two youngest daughters barely escaped by the aid of a friend, his papers were destroyed and his

own life endangered. His good works were many, but it was "Father Abraham" that got him his place in the great *Dictionary of American Biography*. He lived on in New York until his death on October 17, 1892.

Father Abraham may or may not have been embarrassed at times by the intimate, personal use made of the song. He had to listen to it many times as it was sung by groups that visited the White House for one purpose or another. There is no record, so far as I can find, of any expression by him about it. But we do know that he was a lover of song and that his heart was often touched.

There is the now classic story—fully authenticated—of Lincoln's last days when he claimed "Dixie" again for a united nation. Lee had surrendered at Appomattox. Washington put on a demonstration comparable only to that held at the time of the 1918 Armistice. A crowd gathered on the White House lawn and called for "Old Abe." The President appeared at a window and said: "My friends, you call for a speech, but I cannot make a speech at this time. . . . You have a band with you. There is one piece of music which I have always liked which heretofore has not seemed proper to make use of. Now . . . I declare it contraband of war and our lawful prize. I ask the band to play 'Dixie.'"

"LIFE WAS SLIPPING THROUGH HIS ICY FINGERS!"

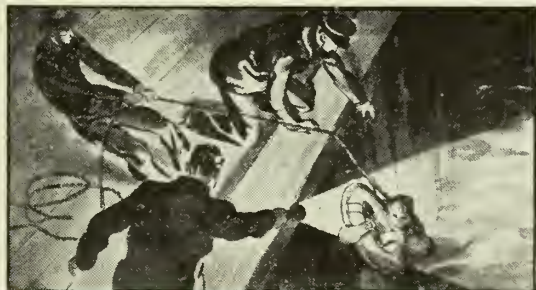
A true experience of special policeman, FRANK HAHNEL, New York, N. Y.



① "IT WAS STILL DARK . . . and bitter cold on the waterfront . . . when I finished my night patrol," writes Mr. Hahnel. "I had paused for a moment to say hello to a couple of friends when above the dismal sounds of the river came a piercing shriek and a heavy splash. Then there was silence.



② "WE RUSHED FOR THE WHARF. I yanked out my flashlight and turned it on the water. There in the icy river 14 feet below we saw a man struggling feebly . . . clawing at the ice-sheathed pilings as the out-racing tide sucked him away from the pier.



③ "QUICKLY I DARTED my light about and located a length of line on a nearby barge . . . and a life preserver on an adjoining pier. In an instant the preserver splashed in the water beside the drowning man. Dazed from shock and cold, half clinging to the preserver and half lassoed by the line, he was dragged to safety. Thanks to my 'Eveready' flashlight and its dependable *fresh* DATED batteries the river was cheated of its victim.

(Signed) Frank J. Hahnel

The word "Eveready" is a registered trade-mark of National Carbon Company, Inc.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
30 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

UCC

FRESH BATTERIES LAST LONGER... Look for the DATE-LINE



Two Wrongs

(Continued from page 9)

tightened his lips again and went to the sink. His father tore the wrapper from the *Gazette*, unfolded it and held it up in front of him. "What's the news, John?" Martha asked, as she asked at this moment of every noon.

"Manila got it again last night," he told her from behind his screen. "They smashed a hundred women and children to bits. Three more of our ships have been sunk. Here's something. They haven't caught that bandit yet, that Wolf Mullin that held up the bank cross the line in Briardale last week. Seems like the police have clean lost track of him."

Dick's chair scraped. Martha took hers. "All right, father," she said. "We're ready."

He folded the paper carefully, put it down. He bowed his head. "We thank You, Lord," he began, his tone that of one who speaks intimately to a friend physically present, "for the food we're about to eat. We thank You for our fertile fields and the sun and the rain that promise us a good harvest. We thank You for letting us live as free people in a free land."

Dick's head started to lift, bowed again as he realized that his father was not through.

"We thank You," John Potter's low voice went on, "for making us want to do what's right, no matter how hard it is to do it, but we ask You to help us understand what's really right. We're all mixed up just now, Lord, and we're awful afraid we might make a bad mistake."

There was a glint of tears in Martha's eyes as she whispered "Amen," but Dick's tension had eased. "Dad," he said, "you meant that for both of us, didn't you?"

"Yes, son. I meant it for all of us."

The mother piled plates with succulent pork tenderloin, with boiled greens and creamy mounds of mashed potato. In the stove, the fire crackled merrily. The leafy fingers of an old oak tapped at the top of the window. "By the way, Dick," Potter remarked, "Jed Harkins sent word he'll be ready for the roof-raising of his new barn tomorrow morning."

Martha's fork stopped on its way to her mouth. "It's a wonder Jed don't hire his work done instead of asking all you men around here to drop your own and come do it for him. 'Tain't as if he needs your help, what with that pile of money everybody knows he's got hid on his place and him with no kinfolk to spend it on."

"Why, mom!" Dick roused from his brown study. "That doesn't sound a bit like you! Jed's our neighbor and he's got the right to ask us for help, whether to

our way of thinking he needs it or not. That's the way this country was built, by neighbors helping one another."

"Neighbors," John mused. "Can you tell me, son, how far away folks have to live before they stop being our neighbors?"

The youth's brows knitted. "Well, dad, that's kind of hard to say. In pioneer days, of course, anyone who lived within a day's journey of you was your neighbor, but now that you can fly almost half around the world in a day you can't figure by that any more."

"No?" Potter asked softly. "Why not?"

"Good Lord, dad! Do you mean to—" Dick broke off. Stiffening, his look was on the closed door to the front rooms. "Someone's in there," he whispered. "I heard a footfall."

"So did I," Martha breathed.

"What's got into you two?" Potter's voice seemed needlessly loud. "This the first time someone's dropped in—"

"Anyone who might be dropping in would know to come 'round here to the back." Dick shoved erect. "I'm going to see—" The door opened and closed again, and a man stood before its age-darkened panel.

"Thought there was nobody home." His thin smile was not reflected in the eyes under the brim of his felt hat. "Then I made out talking back here." Road dust powdered his sallow, ferret-like face and his tweed suit, and his right hand was buried in his coat pocket. "Don't you hicks believe in keeping doors locked?"

"We've no reason to," Dick told him. "Folks around here know enough to knock or yell before walking into someone else's house."

"I did knock." He seemed to look at all three of them and out of the window, all at the same time. "I guess you didn't



"It not only turns and butters the flapjacks, but it wipes the syrup off their vests as they go out."

hear me. My car broke down at the bottom of the hill here and I thought maybe you could tell me where I can find someone can fix it."

"My boy's good at that sort of thing," Martha said. "I'm sure he'll be glad to see can he help you soon's we're finished dinner. Meantime, you just set down and eat with us." She rose, without waiting for acceptance, and bustled off to the dish cupboard.

"Thanks," the man grunted, using his foot to pull a chair up to the table. "I don't mind if I do."

Dick came toward him, holding out a hand. "Let me take your hat." A small muscle knotted in his dark cheek. "And if you'd like to wash up—"

"What's the use washing?" The stranger jerked off his hat, tossed it to the kitchen dresser. "You only get dirty again. Sit down, kid, and take a load off your feet."

"That's right, Dick, sit down," John put in before the resentment flushing his son's face could find expression in words. "Are you traveling far, Mister—er—?"

"Smith." Once more there was that odd, humorless smile. "Nat Smith. I'm hunting a one-horse burg called Lonsdell."

"Then you've got only about seven miles more to go, straight down the dirt road you're on to where it hits the highway."

"The hell you say." Smith looked surprised. "Say. Maybe you know an old codger named Harkins lives somewhere near that Lonsdell."

"Jed Harkins?"

"Yeah."

"Yes, we know him. Matter of fact, he lives just the other side of this hill, less than a mile through the woods you can see out that window there."

"You don't say. This stuff's damn good, lady." Smith cut another big lump of meat, stuffed it into his mouth. Dick put down his own utensils, said, "Don't pour my coffee yet, mom. I just recalled I got to 'phone Elmer down at the store and tell him to order those special disks for our cultivator." He shoved his chair back, got long legs under it. "If he don't get the letter off on the two-four—"

"Sit still, punk." A stub-nosed revolver was abruptly fisted in Smith's hand. "You ain't 'phoning nobody." The black gun nosed from Dick to John Potter, rigid in his seat, to Martha at the stove and back again to Dick. "Spread your hands on the table, both of you."

The youth put his hands flat on the table. "What—?" Potter gasped. "What's all this?"

"He's Wolf Mullin, dad." Dick's lips were grayish, numb-looking. "I knew he was lying when he said his car broke down at the bottom of the hill. With the wind the way it is, we should have heard it coming along and we hadn't. And just now I remembered the picture in last week's *Gazette*."

Mullin's mouth opened in a silent, canine laugh. "Okay. So my name ain't Smith and my jalopy threw its crankshaft a couple miles back, but that just makes it sure no nosey's going to spot it and come up here looking for me." His slitted eyes shifted to Martha. "You got some rope handy?"

Her fingers plucked at the hem of her apron. "There—there's a coil of clothesline in the broom closet."

"Get it."

She stumbled across the floor, almost as if she'd gone blind. Mullin was on his feet when she returned with the coil of strong cord. His revolver was watchful as, at his order, she lashed Dick's elbows behind the chair's back and then, when he'd sliced the rope with the bread knife, her husband's.

Mullin inspected the knots, grunted satisfaction and went back to his seat, taking along the length of cord that was left over. "Fill up another plate of meat and be quick about it." He put the gun down ready to his hand. "I've been on the lam so long my belly thinks my throat's cut."

John Potter's Adam's apple moved up and down his wrinkled neck. "Where do you think this is going to get you?" he asked hoarsely. "You can't keep us prisoners here forever."

"I don't have to." The way he gorged, he hadn't lied about being half-starved. "I'll be on my way soon's I'm filled up.

Say. You wouldn't happen to know where your friend Harkins hides his dough, would you?"

Dick's nostrils flared but his father answered, evenly. "No. Jed's never told anyone and never will."

"Says you." The fellow leered at him, winked. "What do you want to bet he won't be begging me to let him spill his guts to me ten minutes after I go to work on him?"

A dish she was taking off the table slipped from Martha's hold with a crash. Mullin's gun leaped into his hand—"You rat," he snarled. "I ought to—"

"Damn you, Mullin!" Swollen veins bulged Dick's brow. "Call her that again and I'll—" The flat of the gun smacked against his cheekbone, came away to leave a scarlet ooze of blood.

"There's plenty more where that came from, punk," rasped from straight, cruel lips. "And you'll get it if you don't keep your mouth buttoned."

"Please, Richard," Martha begged. "Please be quiet. I'm sure Mr. Mullin won't hurt us if we don't make trouble for him."

"That's the ticket," Mullin grinned. "You behave and you won't get hurt. I don't want nothing from you. Okay, mom. Spill me some coffee with plenty of sugar and cream, and hand over a slab of that cake I see there." And then, for long minutes, there was only the sound of heavy breathing in that kitchen,

the drag of the woman's feet as she waited on the thug who'd invaded her home and did as he pleased here, under threat of his black gun.

At last he was sated. "Okay," he grunted, rising. "Now plank your fanny down in that chair and put your arms back like they've got theirs."

She obeyed and he lashed her elbows with the piece of clothesline that had been left over when she'd tied up her men. "Through those woods out there, you said, didn't you?" He leered at Potter, let his gun snout at Dick for a terrible second, then turned and strode to the back door, out through it.

Breath whistled from between Potter's teeth. Dick's chair creaked as he strained forward, blood purpling his face, and then he was up out of it, his lashings sliding limp down the chair back. "I knew I could get loose," he threw over his shoulder as he pounded to the door through which Mullin had entered. "But I didn't dare try with him watching." In the entry beyond he twirled the crank of a wall 'phone. "I'll have the cops . . . Hell!" He stared at a wire that dangled from the receiver. "He's cut—"

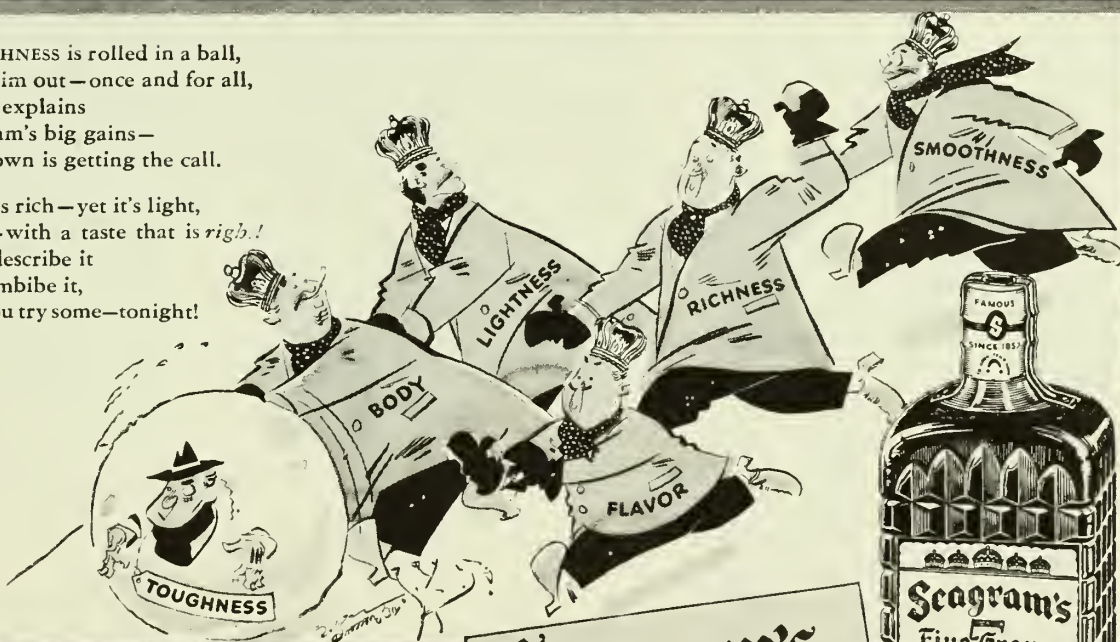
"The rifle, Dick," John yelled. "It's loaded, and I can see him kiting across the barn lot."

"Got you!" The youth snatched the long gun from the bracket of deer antlers across which it lay, thudded back into the kitchen and to the window. The

THE 5 CROWNS ROLL TOUGHNESS OUT

Old Man TOUGHNESS is rolled in a ball,
We've kicked him out—once and for all,
Perhaps that explains
All of Seagram's big gains—
And why 5 Crown is getting the call.

For Seagram's is rich—yet it's light,
And it's mild—with a taste that is *right*!
It's hard to describe it
Unless you imbibe it,
So why don't you try some—tonight!



Seagram keeps the
TOUGHNESS OUT
... blends extra
PLEASURE IN

Seagram's
5 Crown



Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 86.8 Proof. 72½% grain neutral spirits. Seagram-Distillers Corporation, New York

rifle butt jammed against his shoulder and his face was a taut, expressionless mask as sunlight flashed on the polished barrel. The rifle cracked.

"He was almost in the woods," Dick said, peering out. "I had to make the first shot good, and I did. He's pitched into the brush but there's a bullet in his skull or I never brought down a stag in those woods."

"You killed him," Martha sobbed. "Richard. You've killed a man."

He turned, slowly, and his eyes were veiled. "I aimed to kill him. I had to. You heard what he was going to do to our neighbor. I couldn't let him do that. I had to stop him."

"You were right," John Potter said. "Don't let anyone ever tell you that you weren't right to aim to kill him."

"How could anyone—?" Dick caught himself. "I see. I see what you mean." He came slowly to the table. "There wasn't any question in my mind that I wasn't right to try and kill him." As he put the rifle down, it brushed the *Gazette* off and automatically, absorbed

in his thoughts, he bent to pick it up. "That was one time killing certainly wasn't wrong."

"No son," Potter said softly, his seamed countenance glowing with an inner light. "There are times when it's right to kill. There are things it's right to kill for. Your home. Your neighbor's home. Human freedoms that have been won by blood and sweat and tears and that must be preserved by sweat, and tears—and blood if need be."

"Yes." It is very hard for youth to admit that it has been wrong. Admitting it, Dick couldn't bring himself to meet his father's gaze but watched his own hands smooth out the newspaper. "Yes. Now I see how wrong I—" He checked. "Dad!" Now he did look at his father, and his eyes blazed with anger. "This headline—'Briardale Bandit Nabbed!'—*That wasn't Wolf Mullin and you knew it!*"

John Potter's cheeks sucked in. "No. He wasn't Wolf Mullin, son. He's Ben Foster, the Legionnaire who's going to do those impersonations at the Post, and you didn't kill him. I loaded that rifle

with blanks, this morning after you'd gone out."

His look met the anger and contempt in his son's face bravely, but there was a quiver of panic in his voice. "Tom Coster, our Adjutant, is Chairman of the Draft Board. He 'phoned me last night that notice was coming, and I knew I had to do something to make you understand the difference between a murderer and a soldier. So—so we hatched up this act between us and . . . and . . ."

"You tricked me," Dick Potter's hands were closing into fists on the table, and his throat was thick. "You lied . . ."

"Richard!" Martha strained to him against the tightness of her bonds. "Richard, dear. Perhaps it was wrong of your father to play a trick on you, but that doesn't make what you've just said any the less right. You thought it was Wolf Mullin you aimed your rifle at, and you knew you were right to do that."

The youth's hands opened again and the anger died out of his eyes. "Okay, mom," he grinned. "You better start looking over my socks."

"When Good Fellows Get Together"

(Continued from page 19)

took place in 1932, when "Tiny" Quant, of Detroit, contacted Fuller and Love, of Syracuse; and the new Suffolk County Chorus, of Boston, began work for national recognition and contests. Accomplishment languished until 1936, when Suffolk County induced the Massachusetts Convention to recommend to the National Convention recognition of glee clubs and instruction and assistance to various Departments in their promotion. Later in that year came the first contest, unofficial of course, when Boston, Detroit, Sidney and Syracuse competed at Cleveland and then joined forces in several non-competitive numbers. The four clubs banded together to form the American Legion Singing Corps. Six people deserve the principal credit: Countess Elektra Rosanska and Charles Chylinski, Directors of Boston and Detroit, respectively; and the Four Wheel-horsemen of the early days—Charles Benjamin of Sidney, Lemuel Dagle of Boston, Chester Fuller of Syracuse, Livingston Quant of Detroit. The countess became President of the new corps, Chylinski, Vice President, Benjamin, Secretary, and Fuller, Treasurer.

By midsummer, 1937, however, the organization had broken down, with both the Countess and M. Chylinski out of the picture. Less than six weeks before the New York National Convention, with nothing accomplished, Fuller called on this writer to help. The two enthusiasts got themselves appointed a Choral-Contest Sub-Committee of the New York Convention Corporation, received *carte blanche* from Chairman Lawrence Mc-

Nally (who also obtained a silver championship plaque) and set to work. The second contest (also unofficial) went off as scheduled, with Boston, Detroit, Syracuse and two newcomers, Trenton, New Jersey, and Kings County, New York, participating. John Clough, Syracuse's Director, became President of the Singing Corps, the writer Vice-President and Benjamin and Fuller retained their offices. Soon after, the name was changed to The Legion Choruses Association; the slogan, "For A Singing Legion," was adopted; and Quant was added, as 2d Vice-President.

The third contest (still unofficial) was held at Los Angeles in 1938, following long-distance arrangements with a competent local committee, whose appointment was engineered by Vic MacKenzie. Syracuse sang against two California groups, The Chanters, of Los Angeles and the Karl Ross Chanters, of Stockton. Non-competitive, combined numbers, were rendered at the contest and on the National Religious-Patriotic Program at the Hollywood Bowl. The L. C. A., now with ten member choruses, adopted a written constitution and set of by-laws, based largely on the college-contest regulations of the Intercollegiate Musical Council.

The L. C. A., *unofficial*, is a democratic unincorporated body organized by the choruses and operating under its 1938 constitution and by-laws. Its six officers, elected annually and forming its Executive Committee, serve without salary, although allowed expenses. The sole finances of the Association come from its dues, ten dollars per year per

member club, with possible emergency increase (not yet invoked) of five dollars more. At present its annual income is eighty dollars, increasable to \$120.00. Obviously it is non-profit-making. It always has been. All Legion choruses are invited to membership, but non-member groups are afforded all privileges, except voting on Association matters. Important decisions are worked out by preferential balloting. The association is the only organization devoted solely to the welfare of Legion choruses. At present it is laying plans to establish male quartet contests.

All contests to date have been won by Syracuse, directed by John T. Clough (1936-40) and DeWitt Botts (1941), with Harrie Southwick as Accompanist and Assistant Director. Syracuse, indeed, is the cord that has held the contests together. Had "The Boys" not reached Los Angeles and Milwaukee the national contests of 1938 and 1941 would have become mere local meets, between California and Michigan contestants, respectively. Second place was won twice by Detroit; once each by Sidney, Los Angeles, Trenton and Ironwood. Singing standards have risen steadily. Syracuse each year has topped its own preceding score. Trenton, third in 1937, took second in 1940, and Ironwood duplicated this record in 1939 and 1941. Usually the unbeaten champions have enjoyed a comfortable margin of victory. But in photo-finishes at Chicago, in 1939, and Boston, in 1940, Syracuse nosed out Detroit and Trenton, respectively, by *merely .483 and .03 of one percent!* The champions have collected

so many gold cups that "Tiny" Quant recently advised them to beware Federal prosecution for hoarding! Their last acquisition was custody of the new, permanent, traveling trophy donated generously last fall for choral contests by Alonzo Cudworth Post of Milwaukee.

Twice, under spur of competition, choruses have reached such superb heights that the audience, swept off its feet, simply "took the numbers away from the singers" by drowning out the final measures with tumultuous applause. This happened when Syracuse, under John Clough, turned back the thrust of The Chanters, at Los Angeles, with *The Lost Chord*, and the following year at Chicago, when Faust all but toppled Syracuse with an inspired reading of *John Peel*, by Marion Leacock.

Competitive singing was transferred in 1938, to the National Contest's Supervisory Committee, which now includes one choral man, Chester D. Fuller of Syracuse, appointed by Ray Kelly when National Commander. The N. C. S. C., however, has adopted most of the choruses' own rules. There must be at least 13 *singers*, with no maximum set. Average contest groups run around 22, while the larger clubs frequently use 35 men. While non-Legionnaire Directors and Accompanists may be utilized, most actually are buddies. All *singers* must be paid-up Legionnaires. Three judges, usually seated separately, evaluate the contest numbers for diction, ensemble, interpretation, pitch and tone—and nothing else.

The L. C. A. introduced combined, non-competitive singing at the first contest, along lines worked out by the Associated Glee Clubs of America, and incorporated provisions for it into the constitution and by-laws. Such singing is always popular. Additional chance for it frequently opens up as part of the National Religious and Patriotic Programs at National Conventions. Such gatherings give the choruses their greatest audiences, over 25,000 at Hollywood, exclusive of the radio broadcast, almost as many at Boston and Milwaukee. Such appearances furnish excellent practical demonstration of what the Legion can do culturally. The writer has cited them frequently to drive this point home to skeptics. *Non-competitive* singing is still administered by the L. C. A., whose members choose, by ballot, the numbers thus to be rendered.

Notwithstanding national contests and festal singing, most Legion choral work is done near home. The glee clubs' justification of existence depends more on how they serve their communities than on what they do at the national gatherings.

Most meet their responsibility adequately. Trenton "averages about 35 concerts per year and travels about 40,000 man-miles; makes yearly visits to various State, County and Federal in-

stitutions and hospitals throughout New Jersey and in nearby Pennsylvania. Takes part in all civic affairs, singing for Red Cross, Community Chest, and other organizations." Save for mileage, Faust and Sidney keep busy similarly. All clubs, and especially Boston, perhaps the most active of all, go in heavily for Legion functions. Chester and Frankford also specialize in church work and the latter claims "much credit for instilling new life into dull evening services." Syracuse and the defunct Hayes-Velhage Chorus, of West Hartford, Connecticut, were honored by invitations to sing at Departmental dinners for National Commanders. Trenton put on an hour program at the New York World's Fair Court of Nations. Faust has enjoyed unusual success with theater engagements. Many groups broadcast, Syracuse once radioing a program to the Byrd Antarctic Expedition and once being "televised" at New York. All groups give private concerts, some, notably Loudenslager's, apparently very swanky occasions. A natural affiliation for Legion choruses is the Associated Glee Clubs of America, but few have taken advantage of this. It was a trip to the Adirondack Conclave of this body, in 1931, that set the five-month-old Syracuse Chorus on its feet, from the standpoint of morale and made "The Boys" first realize they might, indeed, be able to "go places."

Some choruses boast large repertoires; Chester claiming 200 numbers, Frankford nearly 100; with Syracuse and Trenton probably in between. The enormous possibilities for stimulating good will for the Legion, through community choral work, are obvious.

Most Legion choruses are self-supporting. Trenton receives "a small budget" and Hayes-Velhage Post paid L. C. A. dues for its group. But the general story is otherwise. Loudenslager's singers bought their uniforms individually and its chorus has always been self-sustaining—without dues, at that. Frankford is "compensated except for Legion, Community and charitable affairs" and derives a sufficient "and always increasing" income. Syracuse gets parts of its staggering transportation costs defrayed by loyal individual contributors but earns its own way otherwise, usually by programs and broadcasts for pay, although "The Boys" often return the guarantee to "an organization raising money for a good cause." In 1931 these men paid for their own uniforms by building a grandstand for the Department Parade and charging admission. Ironwood, denied Post aid in 1935 because a Sons' Drum Corps was in the making, got the canteen concession at a County Fair and earned its uniforms that way. To wipe out transportation loans Ironwood "sponsored dancing parties . . . and served large banquets, from 300 to 525. At these we were



Be on the alert for two enemies!

You watchers for enemy aircraft have another formidable foe to fight in the long vigil "on the hill"—and that's the *common cold*. The most *comfortable* defense against it is really warm underwear—Duofold. Its unique fabric in two thin layers gives you the warmth of wool, but not the itch. Inner layer, *next the skin*, is all fine cotton. Outer layer consists of wool and other fibers. Styles to meet all preferences—including longs with built-in Action Support*. Wear them on *one* watch, and you'll never be without them again!

Duofold
The 2-layer UNDERWEAR

FREE FABRIC SAMPLES and Descriptive Folder
DUOFOLD INC., Dept. F-42, Mohawk, N.Y.
Please send free samples of Duofold 2-layer fabric and descriptive literature.

Name.....
Address.....

nicknamed "The Singing Waiters." Beethoven once wrote, "Man! Help Thyself!" The Legion choristers do just that. Nobody else helps them, much.

The magnitude of transportation cost entailed in bringing choruses to contests can be realized from a few figures. Syracuse paid \$5000 to reach Los Angeles and borrowed \$1200 to get to Milwaukee. Little Ironwood went "in the red" \$400 to participate at Chicago and \$250 to place second at Milwaukee. Unfortunately, no national financial assistance is at present available to the choruses, although in almost all other official national contests cash prizes are awarded. The N. C. S. C. recommended, as a starter, two such prizes, totaling \$150, for the 1942 choral contest, but this idea was rejected.

While Frankford organized in 1929-1930 largely as a spiritual antidote to the market crash, most groups come together, like Syracuse, "with the one thought of singing for the joy of it" and, like Chester, "want members who love to sing and enjoy good fellowship." With such a spirit, Syracuse can get away with "an average year of 47 rehearsals;" Syracuse, Faust and Ironwood can go into the red to reach contests and, somehow, claw their way out again. Boston, after an exhausting two-hour concert at the Long Island Hospital can steam back up the Bay on a tugboat singing so gloriously, on deck, as to draw applause from passing vessels half a mile away. Without this spirit no chorus will survive, no matter what its talent, intelligence or leadership. With it, "run-of-the-mill" singers can touch the heights.

Posts where such spirit exists lose great chances for pleasure and service

by not starting glee clubs. Expenses need not frighten. Music for a starting group does not run into big money and can be handled by a small preliminary assessment on the singers. Post halls may be used for rehearsal, and Post pianos, if not too impossible. Uniforms can wait. While Frankford pays its Director and Accompanist, such officers frequently serve Legion choruses *gratis*, particularly if buddies themselves.

EVENTUALLY, trained men can be found to take these positions, either in the Post or out. Pending discovery, some Post members or friends can usually be induced to "pinch hit." In the writer's opinion, Syracuse lasted through its early months in 1930-'31 mainly because of the devoted, if untrained, services of Van Spooner, struggling away as Accompanist until his talented successor appeared. If a Post seems too small for a chorus, a group can be organized along County or District lines and still be eligible for national competition. The L. C. A., naturally, is always ready to help out with suggestions, on request. The N. C. S. C. confines itself to mere administration of contests.

Nor should prospective founders of new choruses be discouraged for lack of trained or experienced vocal material. As Peter Dykema pointed out, the official singing program of 1917-'18 was planned to make the most of the run-of-the-mill singer. It aimed to take advantage of his relatively slender training and average endowment, kindled to enthusiasm by a desire to sing.

Legion choruses should be set up along the same lines. Trained soloists and semi-professionals, such as church choir men, can help greatly when they prove

willing to attend rehearsals regularly and subject themselves to the discipline demanded of all the singers by the director. But in the long run the chorus will sink unless its necktie tenors, bar-room basses and gargling greenhorns get into it and behind it. Untrained voices, singing alone, rarely sound well. But combined into glee clubs they can achieve amazing musical beauty. Disregarding mathematical laws, choruses are the one human product in which the whole exceeds the sum of its parts.

The writer would like to close by tendering, on behalf of the L.C.A., a friendly invitation to the National organization. Unless the current war prevents, 1943 will bring a 25th Anniversary Armistice Day Service at Arlington. What a spot for a large chorus of he-man Legionnaires, singing two of the great songs of our own World War, *In Flanders Fields*, *The Long, Long Trail* and whatever else may be needed! Several good Legion choruses are located quite near Washington and others are not impossibly far away. The L.C.A., with machinery and trained personnel already available, is prepared, on request, to assemble the needed choral group for non-competitive participation and to arrange the musical part of such Service. Time will have to be allowed. And funds made available for expenses, including a substantial part of transportation cost, since the Association's slender budget will not permit it to assume financial responsibility. If the National organization will supply authority to act, and, if in some way sufficient funds can be raised, the L.C.A. will undertake the rest of the responsibility. If this comes to pass, listen to the Legion choristers really go to town.

Beside the Angels of Mercy

(Continued from page 7)

Cross headquarters. Volunteer patrol and traffic squads recruited from Legion membership report to police or military headquarters for special assignment. All Legion facilities are immediately placed at the disposal of the Red Cross through the Post liaison officer.

How well these duties are being carried out I heard from the lips of top Red Cross officials in Washington. They are proud of the work the Legion has done and is doing. They are particularly gratified at the Civilian Defense responsibilities accepted and executed by hundreds of Legion Posts. It is proving a comfort to them to have the dependable American Legion ready to carry on.

What is the extent of the normal disaster job in which the Red Cross needs—and is getting—enthusiastic Legion help and support? And what is the additional burden caused by the war emergency?

Norman H. Davis, National Red Cross Chairman, pointed to an enormous map of the country in his office in Washington. It showed a record of disasters in 21 States, natural, not war causes. Every month is charted for potential trouble. Over a 21-year period, the Red Cross has dealt with 1986 disasters in the United States. Aside from war dangers a total of 120 are forecast for 1942. They will include cyclones, epidemics, cloudbursts, fires, floods, forest fires, hailstorms, hurricanes, mine explosions, bus and train accidents, shipwrecks, snow storms, tornadoes, typhoons, and other windstorms.

Red Cross headquarters must look for trouble anywhere. That, Mr. Davis sees as the first essential. Local chapters must look for trouble any time. In Delaware, which had but one disaster in 21 years, the same clockwork must be ready to function as in Texas, which had 159. Rhode Island had had no tidal

wave since 1815. But one engulfed its shore cities in 1938, at a cost of 288 lives. Children in Helena, Montana, wondered, like most of us, what an earthquake's like. In 1935, they learned. Helena had 2,000 quakes that year.

"We can't anticipate what demands the next emergency will make," Mr. Davis told me. "We want to be ready. We must be ready, no matter where disaster strikes, how large the area or how many people are involved—or how few."

One large room in the Washington Red Cross headquarters is a mass of telephone lines and tables, a clearing house for disaster messages. Hourly reports from the Weather Bureau, day and night, are charted on a map which fills one wall. This is the center of the nervous system of disaster relief. But its sinews are in the drilled leaders who make up local Disaster Committees.

"Many Red Cross chapters are headed up by Legionnaires," DeWitt Smith,

National Director of Disaster Relief for the Red Cross, pointed out. He said that there is a strong tendency for Legion members to assume the major administrative roles in disaster work, in addition to the assigned special duties of patrol and traffic squads. The number of Legion men in key posts in the disaster-emergency setup has greatly increased during the past few years, Mr. Smith told me.

"The greatest peacetime disaster with which this generation has had to cope was the Ohio-Mississippi Valley flood of 1937," Mr. Smith added. And this excerpt from the official Red Cross report on that disaster tells its own story:

"The Departments of West Virginia, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois mobilized practically every Post within their confines for action. Thousands of Legionnaires served during the emergency along the long waterfront from West Virginia to Tennessee.

"These men helped to quiet the fears of the panic-stricken, rescued marooned victims, evacuated thousands of homeless, pulled oars, ran motor boats, stood guard, did patrol duty, preserved or salvaged property, prevented looting, maintained law and order, kept communication lines open, operated portable radio sets, opened field kitchens that fed thousands, established emergency hospitals, hauled supplies, provided safe drinking water, directed traffic, located missing

persons and responded to every possible kind of emergency plea.

"Outside the flood areas, many more thousands of Legionnaires and members of the American Legion Auxiliary, went to work to support their comrades at the waterfront with the necessary supplies and funds. In hundreds of cities and towns, Legion committees, working with military efficiency, made house-to-house canvasses to collect contributions of cash, food, clothing and bedding."

It was following the experience of the 1937 flood that the present "teamwork" arrangement between Red Cross and Legion was set up. Its first great test came in the following year, with the hurricane which swept through New York State and New England.

"Generally throughout the disaster," the official Red Cross report recounts, "American Legion Departments and Posts with Auxiliary Units worked with and through the Red Cross in the services they rendered. Department and Post liaison officers were appointed, who conferred with the Red Cross staff. This arrangement greatly facilitated exchange of information, handling of inquiries and planning of cooperation. Legionnaires were helpful in the emergency period, rescuing sufferers and caring for the refugees."

Time and again since that date Legion man-power has been recruited for the Red Cross in emergency. The Flor-

ida Refugee Evacuation Plan is matched by a similar one in the Ohio Valley, both ready for immediate mobilization and execution on a moment's notice.

Miss Mabel Boardman, National Secretary of the Red Cross, summed up for me the underlying reason why Red Cross help is so prompt in times of disaster. Charles Evans Hughes, she said, once expressed his amazement at this speed.

"I pick up a newspaper and by the time I have finished reading the account of disaster, the Red Cross is at the scene," he told Miss Boardman. "How do you get there so fast?"

"We don't get there. We *are* there," was her perfect answer.

The Red Cross is no outside agency. Its war and disaster preparedness has become an integral part of every American community. The Red Cross now has over 3700 chapters, with 7800 branches. And the Legion, both officially and through the work of individual Legionnaires, carries on its comradeship.

Tempo of Red Cross disaster preparation work has of course been stepped up by the war. Disaster Institutes, many of them in cooperation with Legionnaires, are scheduled for several hundred communities in 1942.

In general, the human problems to be faced in war are comparable to those encountered in peace-time disasters, such as earthquakes, hurricanes, tornadoes or explosions. They necessitate providing.

TOM AND KIT EXPLAIN IN SONG WHY CALVERT BUYERS CAN'T GO WRONG!



BECAUSE IT MATES
GREAT QUALITIES,
CALVERT WHISKEY'S
BOUND TO PLEASE!

FLAVOR, SMOOTHNESS
LIGHTNESS, ZEST—
A "HAPPY BLEND"
MAKES CALVERT BEST!

Clear Heads
Choose

Calvert

THE WHISKEY WITH THE "HAPPY BLENDING"

Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits...
Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—72½% Grain Neutral Spirits.

on the basis of need, medical care, food, clothing, shelter, and other basic emergency necessities. There is some difference as compared with peace-time disasters. For example, disasters incident to war can occur at more places simultaneously, and may be repeated at more frequent intervals than during peacetime experience. An obvious first essential is the perfection of the nation-wide disaster preparedness organization.

Looking to the future, Red Cross officials see five distinct possibilities, against which plans might have to be made. The Legion is to be called on for counsel, guidance and help in execution.

1. The same kind of disasters that occur in peace-time. They assume even greater importance during the stress of war and must be prepared for in advance.

2. An increased number of disasters, such as fires, explosions and epidemics, expected to result from the faster and

more extensive industrial war activity.

3. Sporadic air or sea attacks in coastal and boundary areas. Problems of emergency relief resemble those of peacetime disasters to some extent.

4. Sustained air or sea attacks, which would mean intensification of effort and help in control of panic and hysteria.

5. An actual theater of operations in Continental United States involving ground troops. The area would of course be put under military jurisdiction at once.

The Red Cross emergency set-up is flexible enough to fit into any necessary program.

The military will be largely in control with respect to sustained air or sea attacks. Damage done by sporadic sea or air attacks, however, would be handled readily by the present disaster preparedness machinery.

The Red Cross nurse was our heroine during the World War I, and she is our

heroine today. What is the first thing a Red Cross nurse does when she is called for war or disaster service—get into her white uniform? I put the question to Nurse Margaret Disney, blue-eyed, yellow-haired supervisor, a member of a Red Cross disaster unit.

"Much more likely to put on her hip-boots and raincoat," this youngish-veteran of 13 years' disaster service assured me with a smile. "Disaster means reality, hard work, often rescue work. The nurse wears her Red Cross arm band insignia on duty, of course, her blue uniform as a rule. She carries her nursing kit. She reports promptly at local Red Cross headquarters. From that moment on, she may be plunged into any kind of emergency."

Before she quits the job she makes certain everything has been done for the victims of disaster that could be done. That's the way the Red Cross works, in peace and in war.

The Army Hits Its Stride

(Continued from page 11)

learning than ever before, but those years of economy gave little experience in the actual handling of troops. It was not a case of dead-wood, or of incompetent men in the higher commands; the Regular Officers' Corps as a whole was not given a chance at the actual work of managing large field units. Commanders and staffs had had all the training that schools could give, but not the actual command of real troops.

If war had come two years ago we should not have been able to bring even the Regular Army into the field on a workmanlike footing. This was proved fairly well by the official critique of the Louisiana maneuvers in the spring of 1940, carried out by five Regular Divisions. No National Guard units entered in, and the selectees were not yet in existence. Yet the official critique made clear that traffic control and the movement of troops over the roads were chaotic; there were spectacular road blocks and bungles in directing troop movements; and merely from the process of getting themselves under way the two sides worked into thorough confusion.

All these were the things conspicuously absent last November: Road blocks were the exception rather than the rule. Whole Divisions and Army Corps moved about with a speed and good order and general briskness such as no one could have imagined in 1918. The general scheme of operations called for a type of mobile warfare which involved sudden moves and constant shiftings of position—orders which might involve suddenly uprooting thirty to forty thousand men, moving them across a network of little-known roads,

and taking up a new front many miles away. Yet even in the midst of these sudden displacements of large bodies of troops, an observer could drive freely over the roads they were using. Even with unprepared movements due to sudden emergency of battle, one side of the road would be left clear, and the long lines of trucks would not jam up in disorder.

A still better proof of this is the fact that the civilian population could use the roads in normal fashion throughout the whole maneuvers area. Local civilian traffic could go ahead with its daily business in places where heavy troop movements were being carried through on rush orders, or even in towns in the front of actual fighting. All this meant highly competent staff work on the part of 15 or 20 headquarters in the Red and Blue armies, and excellent road discipline on the part of the troops themselves. Also, the control of traffic at cross-roads and at street intersections in towns and villages was strikingly good. The M. P.'s were thoroughly primed in advance as to the task on hand, and they were quick and competent (even good-natured) in dealing with unexpected situations. (It was said that some hundreds of them had been put through a special course of training in actually handling traffic in New York City.)

It must be noted also that the maneuvers were a wholly different affair from war games or staff-exercises on paper. For the transport and supply people it amounted to the real thing. Three hundred thousand troops had to be moved about and kept supplied with food and all other requirements. Real supplies and ammunition had to be brought for-

ward over the roads from railheads far in the rear, and distributed promptly to the troops under actual field conditions, (generally under cover of darkness). The gas required for about 50,000 vehicles had to be steadily on hand, and hundreds of filling points re-arranged from day to day in a constantly changing pattern. Real telephone line also had to be laid and picked up again without delay, as the set-up of headquarters and command posts followed the steady shifting of the front. The Engineers also had to do their work on a thoroughly real basis. A heavy pontoon bridge, able to carry medium tanks, was picked up, transported 74 miles (in 80 vehicles), and re-erected—all within 17 hours.

Of the forces at work in Carolina, more than half the units were National Guard Divisions. More than half the troops were selectees. Of the officers, by far the larger part came from the National Guard and the O.R.C. Yet this mixed and very new body of troops made a far better and more finished showing than was seen in the Louisiana maneuvers of 1940—which were carried out wholly by Regular Divisions.

The immense progress made since 1939 is due to the hard work put in since then by both Regular and National Guard units. The smaller maneuvers have gradually given the commands and staffs of every Division actual experience in the practical work of transport and supply, and in troop-movements over the roads—as well as handling troops in the field. At first, of course, this had to be done under the handicap of having units far below strength, and with serious shortages of arms and equipment.

It called for no little backbone and determination for the General Staff to carry through these plans, when the country was loudly ridiculing the idea of training with dummy guns. But it has proved a sound and intelligent program. One result of it was that new equipment came forward in 1941, the staffs of our many Divisions were able to handle it in competent fashion. This in itself is no small matter. By the present tables of organization each Square Division (22,000 officers and men) has a little over 3000 vehicles, so that when a move is ordered, it is a case of a good-sized town starting off on wheels at short notice. A Triangle Division on the march requires at least 75 miles of roads. In marching west to the Louisiana maneuvers last spring it is reported that when the head of one Division (moving in a rather open column) reached the Mississippi River, the tail of the column was still in Alabama. The tanks of one Armored Division were brought to the Carolina maneuver area by train—they amounted to nine trainloads. An Armored Corps, spaced out properly for moving by road, requires about 400 miles of roads.

On the next to the last day of the maneuvers a Blue force made a breakthrough on the western flank of the Red army and pushed forward in a deep advance into Red territory. The Red Divisions next in line were then attacking to the northeast, and at nightfall it looked as if they might be struck in the flank and rear, and possibly knocked out of action. Instead, during the night two Divisions or more pulled out from their attacking front; pulled back far to the rear, and took up a new front facing west. By daybreak they were vigorously counter-attacking the Blue Division which had broken through, and ended the day very successfully. Taking everything into account, this shift of front must have involved a movement of at least 7000 vehicles—possibly 10,000. Some of the tank units were said to have covered over 90 miles during the course of the night. Yet in the morning the roads over which they had passed were clean and clear—not dotted with ditched trucks or smashed-up vehicles. By daylight, all this mass of transport was tucked away out of sight in woods behind their new front.

A movement such as this, of course, would have been quite impossible with the type of trucks and tanks we had in 1918. The present-day vehicle makes easy things which would not have been attempted fifteen years ago. The war of movement it has brought in is a faster and more open game than was even thought of in earlier days. But it is also a far harder game to play. The improved equipment requires much greater skill on the part of all concerned: Troops, drivers, maintenance crews, officers, staffs, and commanders.

FALSE TEETH

Played "hob" with Daniel Dobb—
But this is how he saved his job

*From door to door trudged Daniel Dobb,
His sample case in hand;*

*Yet all day long he made no sales,
No orders could he land.*

*Alas! his dingy, foul
false teeth
Were more than folks
could stand.*



A dentist said: "Try POLIDENT,
The modern thing to do.

"Although you neither rub nor scrub
Your teeth will 'look like new';

"It brightens smiles; checks Denture Breath;
Is inexpensive too."



Dobb did! And now his order file
Is simply overflowing;

His pay-checks, too, are lush and fat;
His bank account is growing.

The lesson? POLIDENT can keep
Your plates clean, sweet and glowing!

Cleans, Purifies Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add a little POLIDENT Powder to half a glass of water. Stir. Put in plate or bridge. 10 to 15 minutes. Rinse, and it's ready to use.



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 30c

STOP Your Rupture Worries!

Why suffer with that rupture? Learn about my truss invention for reducible rupture. Automatic air cushion assists Nature to close the opening—has relieved thousands of men, women and children. No obnoxious springs or hard pads. No salves or plasters. Sent on trial to prove it. Beware of imitations. Never sold in stores. Write today for confidential information free in plain envelope.
Brooks Company, 105 State Street, Marshall, Michigan

AMAZING CHEAP OIL BURNER
WHY COOK OR HEAT With COAL or WOOD
Clean heat at small cost—no dirt, ashes or drudgery. Burns low-priced, free flowing oil—no small openings to clog up. 30 DAYS TRIAL. Prove its efficiency, convenience and economical operation. A Guarantee with each burner. SPECIAL OFFER TO AGENTS who will demonstrate and take orders. Wonderful Money Maker. Write quick—a postal card will do. United Factories, B-101 Factory Building, Kansas City, Mo.

YOUR LATEST ADDRESS?

Is the address to which this copy of THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE was mailed correct for all near future issues? If not, please fill in this coupon and mail to THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE, 777 No. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.
Until further notice, my mailing address for The American Legion Magazine is—
NEW ADDRESS

NAME _____ (PLEASE PRINT)

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

1942 MEMBERSHIP CARD NUMBER _____

POST No. _____ DEPT. _____
OLD ADDRESS

STREET ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

One sharp point of contrast with 1918 is the streamlining of the general set-up of staffs and headquarters. The immense mass of paper work of the old days has been cut down to an absolute minimum. Important operations orders are boiled down to a few clear phrases on a single sheet of paper. In a Divisional H. Q., and even in the headquarters of an Army Corps, all the apparatus of each staff section is carried within a single truck: maps, typewriters, files and records, and everything needed to function in actual operations. The Signal Corps unit also gets its stuff into a single truck. Officers and personnel sleep in tents; it is not necessary to set up shop in buildings; and as a rule towns and villages are avoided as locations for headquarters.

The whole establishment of the command echelon of a Division or Army Corps is thus gathered up in about 14 vehicles—trucks, command cars, etc. All the equipment and all the personnel of the Command echelon—including kitchen and mess tents—can move about easily with no more of a caravan than this.

At a pinch, the whole affair can be packed up and got under way on the road within about 15 minutes—and more than once a headquarters would move out on this short notice. An old-timer could only look on in amazement and wonder.

Among all concerned, in the Carolinas, the conversation on the spot turned largely on mistakes and errors: on bungles by the enemy, or things done wrong or left undone within their own units. The army of 1941 is least of all

things a complacent self-admiration society. From a professional standpoint, it is highly critical of itself—and all ranks are decidedly impatient of people who make the same mistake twice, or fail in getting ahead as fast as possible. (This was the case also in 1918.) But the troops themselves have little idea of the progress already made. Only an old-timer who has not seen troops in the field since 1918 could realize—with a shock of surprise—that in many ways these troops were already far more advanced than the Divisions sent off to France twenty-odd years ago.

It came as a surprise, also, to learn that more than half of these troops were still in civilian clothes at the beginning of 1941. If all the selectees engaged had been ruled out of action by the umpires, the maneuvers would have come to a halt on the spot. By and large, more than half of nearly every unit in the field was made up of selectees. In some of the Regular Divisions the proportion was even higher: one of them earlier in the summer had 10,000 selectees out of a total strength of 13,000. The National Guard units brought with them into Federal service most of their own personnel; but to reach full strength they were filled out with selectees. On the average, selectees make up between 50 and 60 percent of the divisional strengths.

This large contingent of new troops was broken in and trained to the point of being able to take part in large-scale maneuvers within from six to eight months. This was made possible by a far better and more systematic scheme of training than could be followed in

1917. Out of the 18,000 men of the 26th Division, for instance, 10,000 were selectees received by the Division at the beginning of March, 1941. These new men were handled separately and put through the basic course of training which gives each man a ground-work in all the essentials of his particular arm of the service. They were then assigned to their units, and trained *as units*, in exercises by company, battalion, and regiment, within the framework of a single Division. (This was as far as any unit carried its training in 1917, and not all could go this far.)

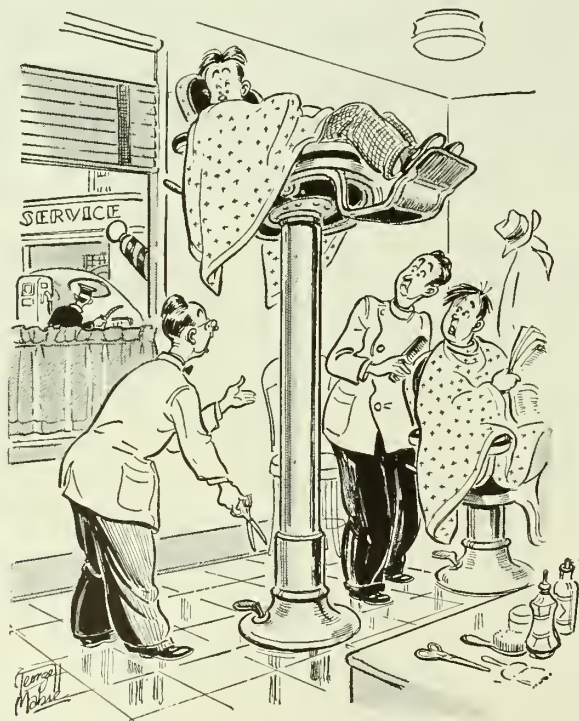
AFTER about three months of this second phase of work in the training camps, the Divisions marched off south to go through a third stage of working in the field in large units—whole Divisions and Army Corps operating against each other in maneuvers on a much larger scale. They lived and bivouacked in the open under actual service conditions; and for the first time commanders and staffs were able to bring into the field large units well up to strength, with most of their transport and equipment.

This period of corps maneuvers brought them up to the point of tackling the final phase, in which thirteen Divisions took the field against each other, grouped in two fully organized Armies: not paper commands, but real Armies, with 300,000 real soldiers actually present in the field.

General Johnson Hagood made the point that this is the first time such a thing has happened in the history of the United States. In the course of a conversation at Camden he pointed out that never before, in peacetime, had division and corps commanders been given the chance to work in this thoroughgoing fashion. None of the officers who took their Divisions to France had any such advantage: never before had it been possible even to consider such a feat as assembling an American Army in the field for systematic training in peacetime.

General Hagood pointed out also that the scheme of intensive training of new recruits carried out in 1941 was no haphazard expedient for hurrying half-trained men into service as soon as possible: no "quick-result" device adopted under the pressure of our present circumstances. It is a carefully-thought-out plan which embodies the experience of training we gained in the World War. The concept of an intensive "basic training" period was in fact worked out and applied in France (in certain replacement camps) in the summer of 1918, and before the end of the war Major Huger Jervey was hurried back to Washington carrying an urgent recommendation that the plan be adopted in training camps in the United States.

A year or so ago, long before the first



"I think it was a mistake to let that auto mechanic repair the chair, boss!"

selectees were inducted into service, a chorus of military experts in the press began wailing over the dangers of an army of "half-trained conscripts." By November 1941, no officer even suggested that in respect to training the selectees formed an inferior category. In talking over the matter last November with many senior officers of the Regular Army, every single one expressed the view that the best types of selectees were invaluable recruits, and that they had added a thoroughly bracing element to the Army. Thanks to an intelligent scheme of training, they have been brought forward more rapidly and in far more uniform fashion than the new recruits of 1917. They will be a good deal better still in the course of 1942. But already, General Hagood observed, the forces now in the field make up by far the best Army we have ever had in time of peace. "In this Army,"

he noted, "the soldiers are better trained than ever before; the generals are better; the staffs know more about their job."

An outside observer, with far less experience than his, can only add that it is hard to imagine a body of officers and men more keenly concerned with the work in hand: more in earnest about what they are doing. On driving away from "the war in the Carolinas," a foreign military attaché made the remark: "When you have 300,000 soldiers as interested in their work as these men are, the maneuvers are worth all the trouble they cost." General Marshall has put the case even more strongly: "Tremendous sums have been spent on our national defense effort, but I know of no single investment which will give this country a greater return in security and in the saving of lives than the present maneuvers."

Absolute Center, U. S. A.

(Continued from page 3)

and mortgaged the place for \$30,000. He lost it, committed spectacular suicide, and the Corbins bought the farm in 1932 from the St. Louis land bank that held the mortgage. They paid \$14,000 for it, could sell it today for almost twice that figure. Bought "on time," it has paid for itself in 18 years, is now clear of mortgage.

Last summer its fields yielded 2800 bushels of wheat, 5000 bushels of corn, and on the 275 acres of pasture are 51 head of purebred, black Aberdeen cattle and seven "scrub milk cows," 100 hogs, and last fall the owners strung 1200 rods of new woven fence around the pasture. The elder Corbin, a life-long Republican, admits sadly and with some bewilderment that the neighborhood is "solid Democratic," and that the township has elected only one Republican trustee for a single term, in 20 years.

A little creek winds hesitantly through the pastures, slowly eroding the bottom

lands, carrying the dark brown soil across the township to deposit it in the Wabash River, ten miles away. Beyond the creek, concealed by a ridge from the white farmhouse and the eleven red barns and sheds, a company of wild-catters is drilling for oil in the "back forty."

But old man Corbin doesn't let that excite him now. If they strike a gusher he and his sons will be rich. If the hole proves dry, they'll still have 244 good acres, debt free, a lot of fine stock, enough fuel in the woodlot, and in the spring the sap from the sugar maples, and the quail in the crisp days of fall. Fifty little pigs are squealing in the barnyard, the granary's full, the cows are giving down plenty of milk rich in butter fat, the mortgage is burned, labor's still a bit of a headache, the old golf course makes fine pasture lands.

That's what things are like in the absolute center, measured by the sun and stars, of the U. S. A.

LEGIONNAIRE CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

J. W. Schlaikjer, Winner (South Dakota) Post.
 Boyd B. Stutler, John Brawley Post, Charleston, West Virginia.
 Karl Detzer, Leelanue County Post, Leland, Michigan.
 Henry J. O'Brien, Port Washington (New York) Post.
 A. D. Rathbone, IV, Fancher Nicoll Post, Pleasantville, N. Y.
 Howard Stephenson, Post Washington (New York) Post.
 Arthur Leo Zagat, Captain Belvidere Brooks Post, New York City.
 Harry Botsford, Harrisburg (Pennsylvania) Post.
 Frank Street, Sergeant Clendenon Newell Post, Leonia, New Jersey.
 Jack Hyatt, Phoebe Apperson Hearst Post, New York City.
 Harry Fisk, Willard Straight Post, New York City.
 Thomas A. Larremore, Hayes-Velhage Post, West Hartford, Connecticut.
 George Shanks, Reville Post, Brooklyn, New York.
 Ted Meredith, West Palm Beach (Florida) Post.
 Frederick C. Painton, William C. Morris Post, Fort Lauderdale, Florida.

Conductors of regular departments of the magazine, all of whom are Legionnaires, are not listed.

Free for Asthma During Winter

If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restless sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address
 Frontier Asthma Co.
 462 Niagara Street,
 69-J Frontier Bldg.
 Buffalo, New York

The Message Center

(Continued from page 2)

Curran's article appeared under a new title and with such changes as were made necessary by our actually being at war. The rather indefinite title which headed up the editorial was made necessary by the fact that all of the work had to be done on Monday, December 8th. When Hitler, Mussolini and their straw men got around to declaring war on the United States the January issue of your magazine was already issuing from the press.

THIS being the first complete wartime issue of your magazine you will find that it carries very little that does not touch on the fight civilization is making against the Axis tyranny. The article by

Legionnaire Rathbone is the most important bit of reading matter we have ever carried in this magazine, for it answers the question every American is asking himself at this momentous period of our history, just how to contribute to the job of winning the war. There's a place for you to fill in the war effort, and maybe *How Can I Help?* will give you the information you need. The T. H. Thomas article, *The Army Hits Its Stride*, which shows you something of what the army maneuvers of the late fall mean to our military establishment now that we are at war, will hearten everyone who reads it, and *Beside the Angels of Mercy* will remind you that the Red Cross needs your financial help in its greatly expanded program. Even

such a tremendous thing as a world war couldn't make us forget that February belongs to our two greatest Americans, and Legionnaire Schlaikjer's intensely moving cover pays its respects to them. Also there is an article on George Washington as a farmer. Legionnaire Stutler's short article on the famous Civil War song *We Are Coming, Father Abraham*, was planned for the February issue as a Lincoln feature long before the bombs began to fall on American territory, but it is even more timely now, we feel, with Uncle Sam preparing to expand the Army to whatever size may be necessary to do the biggest job civilization has ever been called upon to undertake—the defeat of the Jap-Nazi-Fascist gangsters.

**Remember Pearl Harbor—
and Manila!**

THE EDITORS

Battleship Boss

(Continued from page 13)

Officer and Repair Officer; the Boatswain and the Carpenter are his right-handmen, and his gang includes painters, artificers, sailmaker's mates and the "Jimmy-legs"—the chief police petty officer.

In size, number of rooms, compartments, the ship is as big as the biggest of skyscrapers. All metal, constantly exposed to weather, salt-water, fog, sun, she takes a never-ending amount of upkeep. The driving force behind this upkeep is the Commander.

First of all, she needs daily cleaning. There's about 50,000 square feet of teakwood deck on the topside to be scrubbed and holystoned to the flax-straw color which is the most pleasing sight in the world to a seaman's eye. Sometimes you'll see the Boatswain using lime to bleach that deck, after the ship has been in the Navy Yard where the workmen's grimy boots tramp shore grit and dirt into her.

But there's nothing to equal the southern sun for bleaching the deck. A couple of weeks in the tropics, far from grime—scrub her down every morning and have a field day (a thorough general ship-cleaning) every Friday, and how the deck begins to gleam! Of course they're not quite as fussy nowadays about those things as they were in peacetime.

The Admiral who comes aboard to inspect knows this ship-keeping job intimately. "Nice looking ship, Commander!" That makes up for a lot of detailed effort. But if the old geezer says: "Harrump! Cap'n, it seems to me I noticed a certain amount of rust in your double-bottoms!" And the Captain turns to the Commander and says: "How about it, Commander?"

No, no—can't let anything like that happen! The Commander and the First

Luff spend too many hours crawling through those double-bottoms with flashlights looking for rust . . .

The fact is, when men have to go to sea in a ship, and their lives hang on the tightness of her hull and the soundness of her plating, cleaning and painting is more than a duty.

The Commander's ship is not only a seagoing vessel but a man-of-war. She may have to fight battle, and then her water-tight compartments will be put to a sterner test than Admiral's Inspection. A lead-pencil sized hole through a water-tight bulkhead will let in enough water, if the compartment on the other side is flooded, to raise merry hell.

Yet it's amazing how many people want to drill holes in bulkheads! Electricians with a wire to run, or ship-fitters putting up some gadget, or engineers.

When men live as close together as they do on shipboard, their contentment is so important that time and thought spent in keeping them "happy" is well justified. But too much coddling can ruin a ship.

I saw one Commander come to a battleship in which discipline had grown lax after a long period of coddling the crew. The new Executive, putting on the screws, became the most hated man in the Navy. But the ship began winning trophies in gunnery, engineering and athletics, and when the same Commander was transferred a year later, over a thousand men lined up to request permission to go along with him to his new ship!

When it comes to combat organization, each of the 1500 men and 60 officers has a battle-station job at engines, guns, communications or ship-handling.

The active battle leader is the Skipper, up behind the Conning Tower's thick armor. The Commander stands by at

"Battle Two," the secondary command station, ready to take over in case the skipper falls.

In the other "all hands evolutions," Fire Quarters, Collision Quarters, and Abandon Ship, the Commander goes to the trouble spot and takes active charge.

The Navy Regulations have an entire section devoted to the duties of the Executive Officer. Battleships are not the only naval vessels to have Executives, though in smaller ships the job is usually filled by an officer of lower rank than Commander. In destroyers the Executive is a Lieutenant or Lieutenant Junior grade. In repair ships, tenders, or light-cruisers, a Lieutenant-Commander "goes as Exec." Experience as Executive is the great school of command, in which men acquire the practical knowledge that makes them good skippers later.

The new giant 35,000-ton battleships *North Carolina* and *Washington*, which were put into commission in 1941, have Commanders who were classmates near the top of the Naval Academy class of 1917. Nearly twenty-nine years of seafaring and naval study and experience have prepared Commanders W. P. O. Clarke and Andrew G. Shepard for the big task of getting these new ships off to a good start. Months before the ships were taken over by the Government, the new Executives had reported for duty and were climbing about the hulls, poring over blue-prints, and working on the Organization Books which will be the ships' Bibles.

Commander Clarke, the Executive Officer of the *Washington*, is a big, tough, tall man of deliberate positive movements—a former crew man who looks as if he could step into an eight-oared shell today and pull as well as ever. Tried and tested on the seven seas, he comes from

recent cruiser duty in Spanish waters during the tense atmosphere of Europe's crisis.

The Exec of the *North Carolina*, Commander Shepard, is the opposite pole in appearance and temperament—short, dynamic, with snapping black eyes and lively energy, the “spark-plug” type. In an eight-oared shell he would be coxswain, not stroke, driving his men on toward the finish line.

These Commanders hold the toughest assignments of the year 1942. Each man, approaching his job in his own way, is going to do wonders for his ship.

When the *North Carolina* and *Washington* went into commission, quaint old quarter-deck ceremonial governed the occasion. The commission pennant was hoisted, the colors run up to the staff, the skipper's orders were read out to all.

In each ship the Executive Officer, proud of his new battlegewagon and his job, called the hands to attention, reported them “up and aft,” took the

orders and passed them on.

“Commission pennant hoisted, sir.”

“Very well. Set the watch.”

“Aye, aye, sir.” Boatswain's pipes shrilled—the first breath of a battleship's life. The watch on deck took up its duties—Quartermaster, Boatswain's Mate, Side-boys, Messengers, Officer-of-the-deck . . .

If you go aboard the *Washington* or *North Carolina* years from now, wherever they may be lying, you'll find men keeping watch on deck. The duty is passed on every four hours of a ship's life, as long as she flies the commission pennant and is an active part of the Navy.

And down in the Commander's cabin there'll be a Commander, looking up as the officer-of-the-deck's messenger raps at the door and reports:

“Sir, there's a ten-man draft just come aboard, and the officer-of-the-deck says to tell you the side-cleaners have finished painting the starboard side.”

Race of the Century

(Continued from page 21)

Joie Ray had, prior to that, found no competition at his favorite mile distance and twice made indoor figures at two miles. First, in 1917 he ran a mark of 9.11.4 and in 1923 he bettered this to 9.08.4.

Nurmi took a crack at the indoor mark in 1925 in New York and was the first to drive the time under 9 minutes, his time was 8.58.2. Twelve years later, Don Lash of Indiana broke this mark with 8.58 and then came Greg Rice with a series of new figures which ended last season in 8.51.1, the present best time.

There is no doubt that Rice can better this time. However, he must change his schedule of last year and pace his race faster from the start.

Rice should have little fear of a faster mile. In fact, there were many who felt last winter that Rice was the runner to set milers back if he elected to run the shorter race. It was planned to get Rice into the Columbian Mile in the Knights of Columbus meet last March, but Greg would not listen to the proposition.

His coach, the late John Nicholson of Notre Dame, cautioned Greg against getting into the mile in big races. Nick thought he was lacking in speed for these “hot” miles and so Greg has always passed up the mile.

We know that Rice has run a 4.12 mile. That was in college and he looks seconds better than that now. There is every reason to believe he could carry a 4.20 first mile of a two mile race.

For MacMitchell, 4.20 would be play for the first part of the race. He has had days when he was called on to run three races in fast time and ended look-

ing the best in his final performance. Last spring he ran five races in two days at the Penn Relay Carnival and never looked better than the final of the one mile relay when he was timed in better than 49 seconds for his quarter mile.

As I said before, this is one race I would not want to pick. There are those who would advise that MacMitchell trail Rice and hope to win in the sprint. There are others who would have MacMitchell make the pace hot and try to kill Rice with speed.

Certainly, to make a record the pace must be hot. Which of this pair would be at a disadvantage under such conditions is doubtful. Rice, at home over the distance, would seem to have the advantage in many ways and would not be one to be nipped on the tape.

How is MacMitchell going to work out to the two miles? He will be busy during February with his mile running. After the national championships on February 28th, the mile distance is forgotten. The following week is the Intercollegiate, where he runs the mile but not in fast time—he won't have the competition. He can use this meet as a training run. A week later is the Knights of Columbus Games, two weeks after the championships, during which period he can get the long work necessary to carry out to the longer race.

Certainly, the race will catch the fancy of the fans. It is the “natural” of the indoor season. Both runners seem to be facing their last indoor racing. Neither can hope for an Olympic meet to show their worth against the world. Even the Pan American Olympics would not bring out their best such as a race with this set up, must do.

**THE BEST DEFENSE
AGAINST WEAR
AND TEAR!**



Demand

REEVES

ARMY TWILL

UNIFORMS...SPORT AND WORK CLOTHES

LOOK FOR THIS LABEL

**ARMY TWILL
BY
REEVES
SANFORIZED***

MADE TO GOVERNMENT
SPECIFICATIONS

45.35 million yards already sold to the U. S. Army. All goods bearing this label meet Army Specifications.

Glengorrie Poplin for matching shirts—a SANFORIZED* Fabric in a wide range of colors

*Fabric shrinkage not more than 1% (U. S. Government test CCC-1191-a)

See your nearest dealer for uniforms, sport and work clothes made from these famous fabrics or write to

REEVES BROS., INC.

54 Worth Street, New York City

FISTULA

May Become Serious

Anyone suffering from Fistula, Rectal Abscess, Piles or other rectal or colon troubles is invited to write today for a FREE copy of an up-to-the-minute, 122-page book telling about these ailments and related disturbances. Also describes the mild treatment successfully used in thousands of cases. References from every state. Write today—a postcard will do. The McCleary Clinic, C266 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo.

CONDON'S ENORMOUS ZINNIAS



5 SEPARATE 20c PACKETS. ONE OF EACH COLOR — CRIMSON—PINK—YELLOW—LAVENDER AND WHITE.

Gorgeous Blooms 6 in. across, 2 1/2 in. thick, on strong, sturdy, well-branched plants 3 ft. high.

CONDON'S BIG 1942 SEED, PLANT & NURSERY CATALOG FREE

Send Dime Today for This \$1.00 Collection and Catalog, or Postal for Catalog alone.

CONDON BROS. SEEDSMEN Box 21 Rockford, Illinois

MANY NEVER SUSPECT CAUSE OF BACKACHES

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

Many sufferers relieve nagging backache quickly, once they discover that the real cause of their trouble may be tired kidneys.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking the excess acids and waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

How Can I Help?

(Continued from page 5)

case of actual attack by an enemy; it watches over industrial plants, bridges, water supplies, and other strategic areas, guarding against possible saboteurs. The Community, or Long-Range Division begins operations right now and functions continuously and progressively. It is the business of both Divisions to utilize and to coöperate with the existing public services that fall naturally within their respective scopes and to implement and foster those services by the enlistment of volunteer workers in the various branches.

In the Combat Division are the local fire and police departments, the emergency medical services, the public works, and the utilities. These services exist in just about every community, however small or remote, but the one other major detail in Combat is that of wardens which, up to now, Americans haven't felt the need for in civil life. Today, however, an Air Raid Warden's post is being organized to serve each unit of 500 people, and usually there are four wardens to each post. That, in itself, will necessitate a small army of wardens.

Those six primary services include innumerable jobs, so if you want to join the Combat Division, you have a wide choice, indeed. If you've had training or experience in any phase of the work, you can be extremely valuable as an instructor or as a leader. If you haven't, you may attend classes and learn. You'd be amazed at the things an auxiliary fireman or a member of a rescue squad has to know. There's a lot more in the life of an emergency policeman than walking a beat and swinging a club—the bomb squads, for example, usually formed of carefully picked men. Want to play around with unexploded bombs or delayed-action fuses? Join the auxiliary police. If you've had First-Aid work or would like it, enlist in the Emergency Medical Services. Have you had engineering training that would be helpful in road and street repairs? Do you know how to cut off gas and water mains? Then there's the Demolition Squads which tear down dangerously wrecked buildings, and the Decontamination Squad, where your knowledge of chemistry will be handy, and all these come under the head of Public Works.

Then there's the broad field of public utilities that must be maintained in case of disaster. Know anything about telephone systems, telegraphy, municipal signals, radio? You'll be valuable. How are you on knowledge of electricity for light and power, and high-tension lines? Are you familiar with any operating phase of municipal gas plants? If you stop to think about it, the life and training of the average Legionnaire, ever since he joined that other Army or

Navy, have consciously or unconsciously fitted him for his job today. First, in 1917-18-19 he learned the meanings of authority and organization; how to use them and respect them. Then, for 20 years or so, he acquired stability, mental balance, discretion, so that today, even if he has taken on a little surplus weight, he is ideally suited to take over and once more carry on.

Now let's go back to that Community or Long-Range Division which, like all behind-the-lines organizations in any



"Well, well—and what did mother send this time for her darling little boy to eat all by himself?"

war, is less publicized, not so glamorous, but without which no combat or front line troops could long exist. There are terrifically important items such as nutrition, health, education, recreation, welfare.

IT'S hard to believe that Army physical examination boards at induction stations in one Corps Area rejected as high as 28 percent of the Selective Training and Service Act registrants who were called within that area, but it's a fact. And it's been a further shock to the nation to learn that malnutrition was at the bottom of far too many of these rejections.

Something is being done about that right now. At the joint instigation of Secretary of Agriculture Claude R. Wickard, and Director of Defense Health and Welfare Services, Paul V. McNutt, Past National Commander, a National Defense Garden Conference was called in Washington December 19 and 20. The purpose of the conference was to plan and carry out a campaign to increase home and community gardens; to improve health through encouraging better food habits, and the use of high-vitamin and mineral foods; to im-

prove home food supplies and aid in maintaining morale.

Said Legionnaire McNutt in addressing the conference: "To begin with, it (the campaign) has set out to reach every man, woman, and child in the country with information concerning the newer knowledge of nutrition. In other words, we propose to see that people have the knowledge and the means to provide for themselves the basic foods—milk and cheese; oranges, tomatoes, grapefruit; green, leafy and yellow vegetables, as well as potatoes, apples, and other vegetables and fruits; lean meat, poultry, or fish; eggs; bread and cereal, either 'enriched' or whole grain." And that can and should comprise an important phase of any community's Defense Council work.

As for the women of the nation, there are so many things to be done they can't possibly be enumerated here. There's First-Aid, nursing, care of the sick, care of children. Can you drive a car, operate a switchboard, type, write shorthand, act as hostess at community social gatherings for men in uniform and for defense industry workers? You can collect clothes for refugees, provide hospital comfort articles and surgical dressings, prepare for mass-feeding in time of disaster, knit, sew, assist with publicity and public speaking, help in information centers, in making surveys of housing and emergency transportation facilities. You can even qualify yourself to join the ranks of the Combat Division in many fields, such as Air Raid Wardens, Fire Watchers, the Medical Corps, Nurses' Aid Corps, Staff Corps, Messengers' and Drivers' Corps.

It has been said that in the last war Germany devoted approximately 50 percent of her civil resources and energy toward winning the conflict, and that present Nazi leaders estimated that if 100 percent of all civilian strength could be enlisted in an all-out war, they stood a whopping good chance of coming out ahead. Best available figures have it that better than 80 percent of all German civil existence is unalterably allied in active coöperation to further the Hitler ambitions. However, Great Britain is said to have marshaled some 40 percent of her potential civilian strength toward smashing those ambitions, while the United States at present can claim but 15 percent active civilian participation. It is readily apparent that the United States Office of Civilian Defense offers the machinery whereby our own percentage can be increased to an imposing figure—the matter of personnel to make that machinery function to its maximum capacity is entirely up to us.

Hundreds of thousands of us are already "in," doing what we can. Of the 12,000 American Legion Posts and the Units of the Auxiliary nearly every one is and has been engaged for months in some form of defense effort. On the

West Coast, particularly since the 7th day of last December, the indicator of Legion activity has swung to "Full Speed Ahead." Mid-western auxiliary police units are guarding industrial centers, watching over factories engaged in war materials production. Entire Departments have inaugurated courses for this, that, or the other service.

The vast system of water supply reservoirs and aqueducts for New York City are guarded nightly by professional guards as well as business men who commute to their offices in the city every morning. New England's towns and cities are particularly well organized to protect the "nation's arsenal" and the civilians and workers who live there. The 300-mile-deep strip along the Atlantic Coast, termed by the Army "the target area," is a veritable hive of civilian defense preparation. Women by the

thousands in every community, east, west, north, and south, have begun their share of the O. C. D. Long-Range program. Similarly on the Gulf, and perhaps even more intensively on the West Coast. In this vast army of the populace that has sprung into being almost overnight, the Legion and the Auxiliary are, of course, extremely well represented.

But, splendid as the coöperation and spirit of service has been—it is nowhere near enough!

We *must* build the greatest, most resourceful, most highly trained civilian force the world has ever seen. We *must* enlist every ounce of energy of every American man and woman, if we would compete with both the armed and civilian might of the Axis Powers.

In your neighborhood, there is a branch of the United States Office of Civilian Defense.

He Was a Farmer

(Continued from page 15)

iron discipline, long hours in the saddle and in the office keeping strict account of every acre, every shilling made or expended. He handled this task so efficiently and with such excellent traits of sound management that, when his brother died, it was discovered that he had named George Washington as his executor and general manager.

Eventually, through inheritance and purchase, these lands came under his ownership. It pleased him to handle the entire and undisputed burden of managing the entire enterprise. He learned, from experience, how to handle men to the best advantage; how to extract from man and beast an honest day's work; how to buy supplies with an eye to the demands of the present and the possibilities of the future—this, alone, was a real task when supplies had to be purchased fully a year ahead of delivery.

From his brother he had inherited a military office and had served with signal honor and distinction. Military experience saddened, aged and steadied him. When he assumed command of the Army at the start of the Revolution, he was not filled with enthusiasm, nor did he take the task lightly. He knew, in part, what was ahead. He didn't like military service; but it came under the heading of Duty and he was never one to dodge or evade a responsibility.

Supplies were ever an obsession with him. Men and animals deserved decent and adequate food and forage. Otherwise the pitiful army couldn't fight or march to the best possible advantage. He expected soldiers to obey just as he had expected slaves and workmen to obey when he issued necessary instructions.

REGARDLESS of where his camp was located, once military duties were

properly attended to, his mind, his whole affection, turned yearningly to Mt. Vernon, his wife, his stepchildren, his beloved acres and his gardens. At Valley Forge, in the darkest days of the Revolution, we find a letter written to John Parke Custis in which he said: "Lands are permanent—rising fast in value—will be very dear when our independency is established."

During the long, heart-breaking years of the Revolution, he paid scant attention to the management of his vast holdings. Exclusive of the 18,000 acres of the Custis estate which came under his control when he married, he owned 12,000 additional acres. It was a self-supporting community, this Mt. Vernon estate. There were five white overseers, scores of slaves, a number of skilled workers, such as millers, blacksmiths, weavers, tanners, masons, carpenters and a distiller. During the war, only infrequent letters from Washington contained advice or instructions to those in charge. His task, he believed, was to win the war. Like most farmers, one task at a time constituted his primitive logic.

It had been a hard and unrelenting struggle, too, to keep Mt. Vernon self-supporting. At first, his main crop had been tobacco. England craftily gave the Colonies a monopoly on the import of tobacco to Great Britain but she thoughtfully tied a few restrictive strings to the gift: the Colonies could not ship tobacco elsewhere and the edict further specified that the crop had to be sold solely through British agents. These agents profited mightily by virtue of this benign arrangement, jockeying prices to such low points that the planters were invariably deep in debt to the agents who also acted as purchasing agents for the planters on goods and equipment needed on their properties. Washington, himself, was a victim of this economic

YOUR AVIATION CAREER

"Career men" will hold the key positions of tomorrow in aviation. Complete technical education is the surest guarantee of success in this technical industry. Far-sighted young men are invited to contact these two leading schools. Catalog on request.

ACADEMY OF AERONAUTICS
LaGuardia Field, L. I., N. Y.

CASEY JONES SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
1100 Raymond Blvd., Newark, N. J.

U. S. Government Approved

**COMPLETE COURSES IN AIRCRAFT CONSTRUCTION
AND DESIGN + MECHANICS AND MAINTENANCE**

MINSTRELS

Unique first parts for complete show, with special songs and choruses. Black-face plays, Jokes, Gags, Posters, Make-up Goods, Wigs, Bones, Tambourines. Lively, up-to-the-minute plays for dramatic clubs and lodges. Denison plays produced everywhere, 60 years of hits.

Free Catalog
T. S. DENISON & CO.
203 N. Wabash, Dept. 83, Chicago



See WOODSTOCK

TYPEWRITER

SPEECH MAKERS

Send for FREE sample copies.

SPEAKERS LIBRARY MAGAZINE

(Speeches—Jokes—Illustrations)

TAKOMA PARK (e) WASHINGTON, D. C.

Save Your Feet

Thousands relieved from pain walk freely with **HEEFNER** ARCH SUPPORTS

Write for free Booklet
"FOOT FACTS"

HEEFNER ARCH SUPPORT CO., 59 Lewis Bldg., Salem, Virginia



Asthma Agony

Curbed First Day

For Thousands of Sufferers

Choking, gasping, wheezing Bronchial Asthma attacks poison your system, ruin your health and put a load on your heart. Thousands quickly and easily palliate recurring choking, gasping Bronchial Asthma symptoms with a doctor's prescription called **Mendaco**, now distributed thru drug stores, to help nature remove thick strangling excess mucus and promote welcome restful sleep. **Mendaco** is not a smoke, dope or injection. Just pleasant tasteless tablets. Printed guarantee with each package—money back unless it satisfies you. Ask your druggist for **Mendaco** today for only 60c.

Getting Up Nights Makes Many Feel Old

Do you feel older than you are or suffer from Getting Up Nights, Backache, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Dizziness, Swollen Ankles, Rheumatic Pains, Burning, scanty or frequent passages? If so, remember that your Kidneys are vital to your health and that these symptoms may be due to non-organic and non-systemic Kidney and Bladder troubles—in such cases CYSTEX (a physician's prescription) usually gives prompt and joyous relief by helping the Kidneys flush out poisonous excess acids and wastes. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose in trying Cystex. An iron-clad guarantee wrapped around each package assures a refund of your money on return of empty package unless fully satisfied. Don't take chances on any Kidney medicine that is not guaranteed. Don't delay. Get Cystex (Siss-tex) from your druggist today. **Only 35c.** The guarantee protects you.

Cystex
Helps Flush Kidneys

WE MATCH PANTS
To Any Suit!
Double the life of your coat and vest with correctly matched pants, 100,000 patterns. Every pair hand tailored to your measure. Our match sent FREE for your O. K. before pants are made. Fit guaranteed. Send piece of cloth or vest today.
SUPERIOR MATCH PANTS COMPANY
209 S. State St. Dept. 252 Chicago

TOMBSTONES
DIRECT TO YOU
Genuine Beautiful **\$9.95** up
ROCKDALE Monuments, Markers. Satisfaction or Money Back. Free lettering. Freight paid. Free catalog. Compare our prices.
ROCKDALE MONUMENT CO.
DEPT. 550 JOLIET, ILL.

Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home
Earnings of Men and Women in the fascinating profession of Swedish Massage run as high as \$40 to \$70 per week but many prefer to open their own offices. Large incomes from Doctors, hospitals, sanitariums and private patients come to those who qualify through our training. Reducing alone offers rich rewards for specialists. Write for Anatomy Charts and booklet—They're FREE.
THE College of Swedish Massage
30 E. Adams St., Dept. 275, Chicago

3 Large Flowered Mums 10c
To acquaint you with my Outstanding Bargain Offers in Plants—Bulbs—Seeds—Shrubs and Nursery Items I will send you 3 Giant Flowering Chrysanthemums for 10c with copy of my Big Illustrated 1942 Catalog—FREE featuring more than 150 New and Rare House Plants—and thousands of garden items at Bargain Prices. Send 10c to cover postage and packing 'Mums, or Postal for Catalog Alone.
H. W. BUCKBEE—GREAT NORTHERN SEED CO.
CHARLOTTE M. HAINES Now owned and consolidated with
R. H. SHUMWAY SEEDSMAN BOX 305
ROCKFORD, ILL.

BUY AMERICAN LEGION

Do business with Legionnaires whenever possible.

No matter what you are buying, whether it's food, clothing, hardware, gasoline or professional services you can generally find a Legionnaire to do business with.

And don't forget our friends who advertise in our magazine. You have always supported them in the past. Please continue to do so. It helps the Legion.

surrealism. More than once he was forced to take his stubborn pride in hand and write to his London agents saying he could not meet their bills and praying for more time.

This condition stirred a slow and smoldering anger in the man and he fought it intelligently and sanely. He cut down his tobacco crop from 89,000 pounds of prime leaf a year to 5,000 pounds. By 1773 he was bitterly opposed to tobacco growing that, when he rented farm land to a tenant, he specified in the lease that the tenant should grow no more tobacco than was actually needed for "chewing and smoking in his own family." It was a simple solution to an economic problem most of his neighbors were doing nothing about. Conversation wouldn't cure the trouble; decisive action and another crop would.

Wheat became his main crop and a fairly profitable one, too. During the war and prior to it, his crop was sold in the West Indies. During his absence, the management of the estate was passed on to a kinsman, Lund Washington, who did a fair job of it. A few infrequent letters from the owner constituted the entire stock of instructions that were necessary for the proper handling of the complicated estate.

The farm had always come first in his thoughts. On that eventful day, away back on May 30, 1765, when Patrick Henry's golden voice took command of the Virginia House of Burgesses and shook the souls and the passions of those who sat in that sun-drenched room, opened new and startling vistas to them, Washington, sitting alone and obscurely in the room, remained unmoved. He heard every word of a speech that will remain imperishable and he viewed the impulses it released calmly and without comment. That night, in his diary, he wrote that on that day Peter Green had come to Mt. Vernon as a gardener and that the clover had been cut for hay. No word of Patrick Henry's speech or its import marched across the pages of that diary! He was not a man to be stirred by impulse.

He took up the burden of management with vigor and ability. Carefully and shrewdly he watched over his broad and rolling acres, his buildings, his goods and his chattels.

As he grew older his affection for the land grew into a passion that only a

true farmer can appreciate. A new type of plow, an improved method of planting or harvesting a crop, a better process for tanning a sheepskin: these interested him more than diplomatic exchanges of meaningless courtesies, more than the current political intrigue. A "chace" after a marauding fox, astride a horse that could endure miles of rough going at top speed; the baying of Tipsey, Pompey, Old Harry, Maiden, Lady, Dutchess, Mopsey and Drunkard making stirring music as he and his friends galloped across country—this was more to his liking than the cheers of thousands or the thin music of life and drum.

He was land poor, and happy about it. He had a serene belief that land values would increase with the years. At his death, he owned 71,000 acres of land and he knew virtually every acre of it. At Mt. Vernon he was plagued with a soil that was inherently poor and that defied efforts to build it up. Yet, he did make it pay, a task no other owner has ever been able to duplicate.

Born a farmer, he died a farmer. Exposure to inclement weather while supervising farm work, incessant bleeding on the part of a well-intentioned surgeon, contributed to his death.

The great military leaders came to his funeral, brave in their dress uniforms and powdered wigs. The diplomats minced through the rooms in gold lace and glittering medals. The politicians strutted in reflected glory behind the bier. Men spoke, in hushed voices, of his military ability and his infrequent mistakes as a national leader. Some whispered of his courage, his gallantry, his strict and unswerving integrity, his business ability.

But none spoke of the thing he loved most. They didn't understand, these soldiers, diplomats and politicians, the heart and the soul of the man. Martha Washington, bent and burdened with honest grief, knew more than they did. The neighbors, the farmers who lived close to Mt. Vernon, knew, but like most farmers, they were incoherent in the face of sorrow.

He was buried in the ground he loved so well. Perhaps Pompey, the old hound, a most sagacious, understanding and unpredictable animal, lifted up his head to the gray sky in a long bugle of sorrow.

Pompey, perhaps, understood more than any of them.

Out of the Folder

(Continued from page 29)

labored well with their elders in emergency and disaster work; now that war is upon us there is an added responsibility laid upon these lads who are just below the age for active military service. The Legion closed the year 1941 with 2,676 active Troops, 285 Cub Packs and 175 Sea Scout Ships under

its sponsorship. Homer L. Chaillaux, Director of the National Americanism Commission, estimates that 18,000 Legionnaires are in active service as Scoutmasters and members of Troop Committees for these Legion-sponsored units.

He goes a step farther in his estimate that twice that number are on active work with Troops under the sponsorship

of communities, churches, service clubs, fraternal organizations and other civic groups.

An adopted Californian himself, Director Chaillaux points with obvious pride to the Scout record made by California. That Department, he says, has more than three hundred Scout Troops under Legion sponsorship, leading the entire nation in point of numbers and in Scout activities in a broad and varied field. His statement is substantiated by the records of the National Convention since 1936 when the Frank N. Belgrano, Jr., Trophy, awarded annually to that Department which is deemed to have rendered the most outstanding service to the program of the Boy Scouts of America during the preceding year, was first put in competition. The coveted trophy, one of the finest given each year, was awarded to California at the Cleveland Convention in 1936, and was re-awarded to the same Department at New York, 1937; Los Angeles, 1938; Chicago, 1939; Boston, 1940, and Milwaukee, 1941. In fact, the splendid Belgrano Boy Scout Trophy has not left the city by the Golden Gate since the first award was made.

Director Chaillaux, with pardonable State elation, calls attention to the fact that the very physical contour of California makes it readily adaptable for the creation of a great Scout interest—from good beaches to the rugged coast line, high mountains and snow-play the most of the year, the lure of the desert, and other natural features which afford color and opportunities for practical training and pleasurable outings. The direction of the Scout program in that Department is under a Legion Commission and comprises an activity within itself. Visitors at the Milwaukee Convention were given a chance to get a good close-up of California Scouting in a splendid exhibit made up for that national meeting. The Commission is under the Chairmanship of Legionnaire L. E. Fear, of San Leandro, who was in personal charge of the Milwaukee exhibit, and who has given ten years to active Scout work.

Home Talent

AMATEUR and home-talent shows continue as a popular winter diversion of several Posts, both as a social event and as a means of adding to the treasury of some specific community service fund. T. H. B. Post of Elmhurst, Illinois, is fortunate in having so much dramatic talent wrapped up in the membership of its Post and Auxiliary. T. H. B. found a lot of fun in staging its most recent five-act Gay Nineties comedy, "Elmer," and incidentally picked up a lot of good, hard cash for the rehabilitation and child welfare funds.

"Elmer" was written by Mrs. Fae W. Cosner, a member of the T. H. B. Auxiliary Unit, and it was put on with

a cast of sixty-five men and women drawn from the Post and Unit. The costumes were garnered from attics. In addition to the five acts, a number of "between the acts" features were introduced, including a barber shop quartet and a Floradora Sextet. The show was presented at the York Community High School at Elmhurst to a standing-room audience of over sixteen hundred.

Outpost in Defense

A LETTER written by Lewis W. Green from Johnston Island, in the mid-Pacific, dated November 15th and received by this department on the day after Japan's stab-in-the-back, tells of the organization of an American Legion Post on that Island on Armistice Day. Of the 350 men working on a defense project on that Island, only about fifteen percent are eligible to membership, says Legionnaire Green who was named as Acting Commander. Of that fifteen percent, several preferred to retain their membership in their home Posts. The new Post started off with a membership of thirty-one.

Johnston Island has been under Jap assault, but at the time this piece was written the island and its Legion Post held out.

Midway Island, too, has been very much in the news. The heroic stand made by its small garrison of Marines and Naval forces, aided by the limited civilian group, will stand as a bright page in the military history of America. Midway is the home of Midway Island Post No. 21, affiliated with the Department of Hawaii, with an active group of veterans who hold high the traditions of service in that station at the crossroads of the Pacific. A letter received by the Step-keeper from Commander Arthur Kellert, dated December 2d and received long after the Jap attack had been made, announces the award of medals to two members—John K. Kehahu, Jr., and Emery Walker—for outstanding heroism. "The above two men," says Commander Kellert, "made a splendidly heroic, but futile attempt, to save a co-worker, Charles Booth, from drowning. They risked their lives in a furious, gale-lashed sea and it was only by superhuman effort that they were able to overcome the additional hazard of a tremendous current and save themselves."

Another letter comes from B. Frank Watson, Judge Advocate of First Defense Program Post located at Argentia, Newfoundland, reporting the Armistice Day activities of that outpost on the upper reaches of the Atlantic defense line. A patriotic program, including a pilgrimage to Patrick Cove where a Legion marker was placed at the grave of Comrade Anthony J. McGrath, and a ball at night were features of the observance.

BOYD B. STUTLER



HERE'S THE WAY TO BIGGER PAY

USE YOUR CAR AS A McNESS STORE—Write for FULL DETAILS

Send today for Free facts on how you can use your car as a McNESS Store. See how you can make big money in your own business supplying farm families with daily necessities. You need no experience. Special bargains, contests, prizes, samples, advertising—all available to help build big business.

\$100 to \$250 Weekly Sales

are being made by many who run McNESS Stores. Opportunity to make big money is unlimited. Permanent. No layoffs—No Bosses. We supply capital to help you start at once. Write today for full details—no obligation.

THE McNESS CO.
13 Adams, Freeport, Ill.





INVENTORS


TAKE first step to protect your Invention without obligation. Get free "Record of Invention" form and 48 page Book, "Patent Guide for the Inventor." Time counts! Write today.

CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN
Registered Patent Attorney
245-B Adams Building Washington, D. C.

TOBACCO STAINS ON FALSE TEETH

Disappear like magic! Without brushing! RETTO DENTURE CLEANSER removes tobacco stains, tartar, decaying food particles quickly and easily. Banishes "Denture Breath"—leaves mouth refreshed. Recommended by dentists. Hundreds of thousands of cans used. More for your money. Don't be satisfied with any cleanser until you try Retto. You'll like it better or your money back. Insist on Retto Cleanser and Retto Adhesive at all 10c Stores and Drug Stores. FREE Sample.

RETTO PRODUCTS CO., DEPT. B, CLEVELAND, OHIO



STOP Scratching

Relieve Itch Fast

Relieve itching of eczema, pimples, rashes, athlete's foot and other skin troubles. Use cooling antiseptic D.D.D. Prescription. Greaseless, stainless. Stops itching quickly. 35c trial bottle proves it—or money back. Ask your druggist for D. D. D. Prescription.

Thompson BEATS the World on BOATS

Better Built—Lower Prices
Canoes, Rowboats, Outboard Motor Boats, Olympic, Snipe, Comet and Sea Gull Sail Boats
CATALOG FREE
Save Money—Prompt Shipment—Two Factories.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (81)
216 Ann St. PESHIGO, WIS. (Write to either place) 116 Elm St. CORTLAND, N. Y.



STANDARD GARDEN and SMALL FARM TRACTORS

Plow Seed Cultivate Mow Hay and Lawns

Powerful Gas Tractors for Small Farms, Gardeners, Florists, Nurseries, Fruit Growers, Poultrymen.

1 & 2 Cylinders
High Wheels, Rubber or Steel Tires. Walk or Ride.

Do Belt Work—Free Catalog

STANDARD ENGINE CO.
Minneapolis, Minn. 3220 Como Av. New York, N.Y. 639 West 26 St. Philadelphia, Pa. 1914-26 Fairmount



FREE BOOK ON COLON TROUBLES

The McCleary Clinic, HC266 Elms Blvd., Excelsior Springs, Mo., is putting out an up-to-the-minute 122-page book on Colon Disorders, Piles and Constipation and commonly associated chronic ailments. The book is illustrated with charts, diagrams and X-ray pictures of these ailments. Write today—a postcard will do—to the above address and this book will be sent you FREE and postpaid.

**THE
AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
INDEX of
ADVERTISERS**

American Legion Magazine, The...Cover III

Brooks Appliance Co.45

Calvert Distillers Corp.
Special & Reserve Whiskies43
Casey Jones School of Aeronautics.....51
College of Swedish Massage52
Condon Bros., Seedsmen49
Continental Distilling Corp.47

D. D. D. Corp.53
Denison, T. S. & Co.51
Doan's Pills49
Duofold, Inc.41

Eveready Flashlights & Batteries37

Franklin Institute47
Frontier Asthma Co.47

Heefner Arch Support Co.51

Knox Co., Cystex52
Knox Co., Mendaco51

McCleary Clinic49, 53
McNess Co.53

National Carbon Company, Inc.37
National Distillers Products Corp.
Old Grand-Dad 2

O'Brien, Clarence A.53
Ostrex55

Polident45

Reeves Bros., Inc.49
Retto Products Co.53
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.
CamelsCover IV
Rockdale Monument Co.52

Seagram Distillers Corp.39
Shumway, R. H., Seedsmen52
Speakers Library Magazine51
Standard Engine Co.53
Superior Match Pants Co.52

Thompson Bros. Boat Mfg. Co.....53

Union Carbide & Carbon Corp.37
United Factories45

Van Karner Chemical Arms Corp.55

Walker, Hiram & Sons
Ten High WhiskeyCover II
Woodstock Typewriter Co.51

Zanol55
Zircon Company, The55

Pacific Outpost

(Continued from page 32)

Chicago, Illinois, notwithstanding the Italy connection, thought it was a group of Headquarters Detachment, 33d Division, at its Christmas Dinner, 1918, at Diekirch, Luxembourg; Harry Appelfeller of Route 6, Wapakoneta, Ohio, ex-Second Battalion, 332d Infantry, said his outfit had a Christmas dinner at Zelenika, Dalmatia, in 1918, and thought the group might be of the First Battalion of his regiment which was stationed at Traviso, Italy—and that was getting pretty close. Charles M. Marello, Editor of the *Yeadon Times*, Yeadon, Pennsylvania, offered the information that it might show enlisted men of G. H. Q., Base Section No. 8, Padua, Italy, at their Christmas, 1918, dinner—another good shot.

It remained, however, for Peter MacKeith, ex-Captain, Q. M. C., of 46 Ivy Street, Newark, New Jersey, member of Newark Post of the Legion, to hit the nail right on the head, and his report was substantiated in a letter from Legionnaire Carl E. Stokes of 374 South Anacapa Street, Ventura, California. All right, Comrade MacKeith, you tell 'em:

"The picture, in the January issue of the Legion Magazine, of soldiers sitting down to a 'Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year's or some special dinner,' is a picture of my wartime command, Service Park Unit No. 355. The event, held on March 2, 1919, at Castelfranco, Veneto, Italy, was in celebration of the first anniversary of my taking command of the organization.

"The Unit was formed in Jacksonville, Florida, March 2, 1918. It consisted of automobile mechanics and specialists—twenty-five in number—with Sergeant 1st Class Ihlenfeldt in charge of operations, Sergeant 1st Class Salen in charge of administration. In my opinion two better qualified and conscientious non-coms in the A. E. F. than those two boys would have been hard to find. After getting organized, we were detailed to Camp Crane, Allentown, Pennsylvania, for service with the United States Army Ambulance Corps.

"In June, 1918, S. P. U. 355, along with 33 ambulance sections, landed in Genoa, Italy. These sections were composed of upwards of 700 vehicles, including motorcycles, Dodges, G. M. C.'s, Cadillacs, three-, five- and seven-ton trucks, together with operating personnel. The vehicles were shipped to Italy 'knocked down' and had to be assembled and tuned up, which work was done at the Lido in Genoa. Colonel Persons, in command of the U. S. A. A. C., assigned the vehicles to sections which were then ready for front-line duty. The hazardous work of the ambulance sections is legion with the American, British, French and Italian armies, many

of the personnel of sections being decorated by the armies under which they served. And right here let me mention, the entire company, S. P. U. 355, received for meritorious service, the Italian War Cross from General Santucci of the Third Italian Army.

"The road from Castelfranco leads to Mt. Grappa which was made famous in 1918 by the Allied victory; then continues to the Brenner Pass, which not so long ago was brought to our attention by a meeting of Axis heads. A chateau in the center of Castelfranco, which had served as a hunting or summer lodge of



**"That Colonel and his wife
sure have got their nerve!"**

the late Kaiser William, became the home of S. P. U. 355 for about nine months.

"The duty of our unit was the maintenance and keeping in operating condition the rolling stock of the Ambulance Corps. This was before the time of the wage and hour controversy—long hours and hard work were the order of each day. Ambulances had to be ready and they were ready at all times. Castelfranco was selected as the base in August, 1918, because of its central location as related to the front lines, and was about ten kilometers behind the lines. In addition to the work on the Italian front, a detail of our unit commanded by me, convoyed nine ambulance sections from Genoa over the Italian Alps into France for the final big push which ended with the Armistice.

"The boys in the picture whom I remember are: seated on my right, Sergeants Ihlenfeldt, Lindberg, McColl, Staveley, Leigeois, Coughlin, Richards, Tobia, Duffany, Shephard, Blair, Cagnon and McMullin. Opposite side of table: Sergeant Salen, Privates DeAlbano, Collins, Boule, Carmichael, Karpel, Bostwick, Cobble, Clark and Fitzgerald. Prominent at end of table, in white, is Cook John Watts.

"How the picture got back to Allentown is a guess. None of the personnel of the outfit came from Allentown, but

I suppose Cupid knows no distance. It would be a great pleasure to me to hear from all of the boys of the S. P. U. 355 who may have seen the picture in the Legion magazine."

Strangely enough, MacKeith failed to list among the dinner guests Carl E. Stokes whom we mentioned as the man who supported MacKeith's identification—although Stokes recorded the outfit as M. S. T. U. 355 with the Italian Army. Stokes wrote that the only man in the group he had heard from since his discharge was A. J. McMullin who was in the Veterans Hospital, West Los Angeles, California.

Later correspondence with Comrade MacKeith disclosed the fact that the outfit was organized as Machine Shop Truck Unit 355, Q. M. C. (which interprets Stokes's M. S. T. U.) and in Italy the designation was changed to Service Park Unit 355. MacKeith admits that he failed to recall Stokes's name when he first wrote us, and added that Burham was also present—which addition completes the roster of the Unit.

MANY outfit veterans' associations have long since come to the conclusion that a natural for outfit reunions—except for localized groups—is the annual Legion National Convention. Thousands of veterans who feel they cannot afford the expense or time to attend a reunion only, do manage to attend Legion National Conventions, and they are eager to get together with their old comrades. This year the Legion will meet in New Orleans, Louisiana, September 21st to 24th, and scores of outfits will hold reunions in that city during convention week. Last year, 110 reunions were announced for Milwaukee. It is not too early to start lining up your old outfit for 1942.

Details of the following New Orleans National Convention reunions may be obtained from the Legionnaires listed:

NATL. ASSOC. AMER. BALLOON CORPS VETS.—11th annual national reunion. Thomas W. Murphy, reunion chmn., 30 Porter Av., Ocean Springs, Miss.
AIR SERV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual convention reunion of men of all branches of the Air Service. Henry Le Leuvre, chmn., 1820 St. Charles Av., New Orleans.
SIBERIA A. E. F.—5th annual natl. reunion. L. A. McQuiddy, natl. adjt., 1112½ Menlo Av., Los Angeles, Calif.
CHEMICAL WARFARE SERV. VET. ASSOC.—6th annual reunion. Geo. W. Nichols, secy.-treas., R. 3, Box 78, Kingston, N. Y.
12TH (PLYMOUTH) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—3rd annual reunion. Harry Berg, natl. adjt., 3146-16th Av., S., Minneapolis, Minn.
20TH DIV. ASSOC.—Annual reunion. Harry McBride, 1234 26th St., Newport News, Va.
Co. E, 16TH INF.—Reunion. F. H. (Cpl. Red) Ashby, 612 Av. E, Ft. Madison, Iowa.
21ST ENGRS. L. R. Soc.—Annual reunion. Chas. L. Schaus, secy.-treas., 325-47th St., Union City, N. J., or J. M. Kellner, pres., R. 7, Oakwood Manor, Pontiac, Mich.
23D ENGRS. ASSOC.—Natl. reunion. For details and copy *Highway Life*, write Jim P. Henricksen, 2922 N. Kilbourn Av., Chicago, Ill.
56TH (SEARCHLIGHT) ENGRS.—Annual reunion. W. B. Robbins, secy.-treas., 80 Central St., Hudson, Mass.
114TH SUP. TRN., Cos. D & E—Reunion. W. W. Bloemer, Co. Clerk, Co. D, Batesville, Ind.
MOTOR TRANSP. Co. 389 (formerly #18 TRAIN)—Proposed reunion and organization. Lewis Hibbard, 612 W. Washington Av., Ionia, Mich.
U.S.S. DE KALB LAST MAN'S CLUB—Reunion,

New Orleans, Sept. 21. Ted Stolp, secy., 5404 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa., or Claude McClintock, treas., 4320 Tennyson St., Denver, Colo.
WORLD WAR TANK CORPS ASSOC.—Annual reunion. New Orleans Bn. now being organized. Chas. C. Zatarain, 5910 Pontchartrain, New Orleans, La., or E. J. Price, adjt., 130 N. Wells St., Chicago, Ill.
WORLD WAR NAVY RADIOMEN—Annual natl. reunion and All-Navy headquarters, New Orleans. Mark Feder, Yeoman, 132 S. George St., York, Pa.

REUNIONS and activities at times and places other than the New Orleans Legion National Convention follow:

Soc. of 3d Div.—Annual natl. reunion, Rochester, N. Y., July 9-11. Ted Dash, 2493 East Av., Rochester.
28TH (YANKEE) DIV. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual natl. convention, Springfield, Mass., June 25-28. Dennis J. Brunton, chmn., 42 Renney St., Springfield.
Soc. of 28TH Div.—For membership, write Lambert J. Sullenberger, natl. v. p., 535 S. Lime St., Lancaster, Pa.
32D Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Chicago, Ill., Sept. 5-6. Lester Benson, chmn., 205 Wacker Drive, Chicago.
RAINBOW (42D) Div. VETS.—Natl. reunion, Orlando, Fla., July 13-15. Barney J. Sullivan, reunion chmn., Court House, Orlando.
78TH (LIGHTNING) Div. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual spring reunion, Capitol Hotel, 50th St. & 8th Av., New York City, Apr. 18. For reservations, write Raymond W. Taylor, gen. secy., Box 485, Closter, N. J.
56TH PIONEER INF. ASSOC.—11th annual reunion, Smithfield, N. C., Aug. 1-2. James K. Dunn, secy., 723-11th St., New Brighton, Pa.
308TH INF.—Annual reunion, Hotel Governor Clinton, New York City, Feb. 7. Frank W. Winkler, chmn., 840 Grand Concourse, New York City.
332D INF. ASSOC. (incl. F. H. UNIT)—21st annual reunion, Canton, Ohio, Sept. 5-6. A. A. Grable, secy., Canton.
1ST CORPS ART. PARK—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Pa., July 4-5. Emory Jamison, 1905 Charles St., Wellsburg, W. Va.
304TH F. S. BN.—Annual reunion-banquet, Lancaster, Pa., May 2. J. P. Tyrrell, 6144 McCallum St., Philadelphia, Pa.
VETS. 13TH ENGRS.—Annual reunion, St. Joseph, Mo., June 19-21. Jas. A. Elliott, secy.-treas., 721 E. 21st St., Little Rock, Ark.
15TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—21st annual reunion, Fort Pitt Hotel, Pittsburgh, Pa., Apr. 25. R. L. Knight, publicity chmn., 224 N. Aiken Av., Pittsburgh 6. Reunion at New Orleans Legion Natl. Conv. also planned.
19TH ENGRS. (RY.) ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Philadelphia, Pa. For date, write P. P. Conway, secy., 4414 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.
314TH ENGRS. VETS. ASSOC.—Annual reunion, St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 7. Bob Walker, secy., 2720 Ann Av., St. Louis.
104TH F. S. BN.—Reunion, Jersey City, N. J., Feb. 7. Vets write to Louis Burekard, 2204 Bergenline Av., Union City, N. J., or Geo. Deeken, adjt., 97 Garrison Av., Jersey City.
304TH AMMUN. TRN. ASSOC.—25th anniversary reunion. For time and place, write R. B. Cook, secy.-treas., 300 Howell St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Co. 6, 1ST AIR SERV. MECH.—Annual reunion-dinner, New York City, Oct. 24. C. R. Summers, 3258 Glenview St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Co. A, MILITARY POLICE, 86TH Div.—For membership in proposed Legion Post of M.P. vets, write Earl Solomon, 440 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.
UTILITIES DET. CAMP DODGE, 1918—Spring frolic, Minneapolis, Minn., Apr. 11. Ray Luther, comdr., 5317 Park Av., Minneapolis.
BASE HOSP., CAMP LEE, VA., REUNION ASSOC.—For 5th annual reunion place and date, and free 1942 roster, write H. W. Colston, secy., 1357 New York Av., N. E., Washington, D. C.
U. S. S. Iowa—6th reunion of crew, Lake Aquilla, Chardon, Ohio, July 26. Wendell R. Lerch, secy., 348 Front St., Berea, Ohio.
U. S. S. Missouri—Proposed reunion of former crew. Ralph Emerson, Oscar Greise and other shipmates, write to Lawrence H. Groll, 2d c/s., 728 Erie St., Napoleon, Ohio.
NATL. Otranto-Kashmir ASSOC.—Annual reunion, Davenport, Iowa, Oct. 4. A. H. Telford, secy., 124 E. Simmons St., Galesburg, Ill.
SUP. Co. 10TH INF., CAMP CUSTER, MICH.—Write to Rade Ribich, 1969 Trowbridge St., Hamtramck, Mich., regarding photograph of wagons and teams.
BACA COUNTY (COLO.) VETS.—Proposed reunion of vets of all branches of service who came from Baca County, 1917-1918. Marion M. Cochran, ex-75th Inf., Springfield, Colo.
PARIS POST (A. L. GROUP No. 1)—Regular meetings, New Rochelle House, 56 E. 41st St., New York City, third Monday each month, 7 p. m. Jack E. Spector, liaison officer, 180 Riverside Dr., New York City.
WORLD WAR PROVISIONAL OFFICERS ASSOC.—Ex-provisional or probationary officers of Army, Navy and Marine Corps are eligible to membership in organization to obtain desired legislation. John S. Tyler, pres., 2211 Fairview St., Allentown, Pa.

JOHN J. NOLL,
The Company Clerk

CASH For MACHINE GUNS HOTCHKISS MODEL 1914-1918

They are needed for National Defense. Write at once stating serial number and type of tripod, if any. We will pay you cash for these guns, IN NO MATTER WHAT CONDITION.

Van Karner Chemical Arms Corp.


Licensed Fire-Arms Mfg.
202 E. 44th Street New York, N. Y.

FREE! \$5.00 Full Size FOOD & HOUSEHOLD PRODUCT ASST. 

SEND NO MONEY! Rush name and address for big Assortment of FOODS, GROCERIES, SOAPS, ETC. — full size packages, worth \$5.00. Yours ABSOLUTELY FREE! Show these products to friends and neighbors. Take orders for sensational values, more than 200 quality products used in every home. Earn big profits, full or spare time. No experience necessary. Write for FREE \$5.00 Assortment of Products NOW. ZANOL, 4957 Monmouth, Cincinnati, O.

Men, Women Over 40 Don't Be Weak, Old

Feel Peppy, New, Years Younger
Take Ostrex. Contains general tonics, stimulants, often needed after 40—by bodies lacking iron, calcium phosphate, Vitamin B₁. A 73-year-old doctor writes: "It did so much for patients, I took it myself. Results fine." Special introductory size Ostrex Tonic Tablets costs only 35c. Start feeling peppier and younger this very day. For sale at all good drug stores everywhere.

 **WHY WEAR DIAMONDS**

When diamond-dazzling Zircrons from the mines of far-away Mystic Siam are so Effective and Inexpensive? Stand acid, cut glass, full of FIRE, true beauties, thrilling beauty, exquisite mountings. Examine before you buy. Catalogue FREE.

The ZIRCORN CO.
Dept. 34 Wheeling, W. Va.

THE AMERICAN LEGION NATIONAL HEADQUARTERS INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA FINANCIAL STATEMENT

November 30, 1941

Assets	
Cash on hand and on deposit.....	\$ 667,465.99
Accounts receivable	154,735.20
Inventories	131,547.24
Invested funds.....	2,478,455.34
Permanent investment:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	211,560.93
Office building, Washington, D. C., less depreciation	125,970.97
Furniture, fixtures and equipment, less depreciation	43,556.95
Deferred charges	34,771.22
	\$3,848,063.84
Liabilities, Deferred Revenue and Net Worth	
Current liabilities	\$ 112,063.32
Funds restricted as to use.....	35,263.45
Deferred revenue	620,484.68
Permanent trust:	
Overseas Graves Decoration Trust Fund	211,560.93
Net Worth:	
Restricted capital...\$2,416,171.28	
Unrestricted capital.. 452,520.18	\$2,868,691.46
	\$3,848,063.84
FRANK E. SAMUEL, National Adjutant	

LEGIONNAIRE Gordon Needham of Gus Zoellner Post, Kellogg, Idaho, says that while he was in the veterans' hospital at Walla Walla he became very friendly with a comrade, then well on the way to recovery. The veteran confided to Needham that he was about to be married; in fact his bride-to-be would take him away from the hospital. The day of discharge arrived and with it came the lady. She was all bubbling over with plans for the future. "We'll get along all right," she told a circle of well wishers. "He has a small ranch and has made application for \$30 a month Government constipation."

A FEW weeks before Christmas a mother took her young son down to Pittsburgh to see the window displays in the big city, recites Legionnaire George Miller of Slippery Rock, Pennsylvania. That evening some friends dropped into the family home. Bobby seemed a bit bashful and reserved, and of course the visitors tried to draw him into conversation.

"Well, Bobby, did you see the big stores?" the visitor asked.

Bobby nodded.

"Did you like them?" brought another affirmative nod.

"And did you see Santa Claus?" the visitor persisted. Another nod.

"Did he say anything to you?"

Bobby indicated that he had had some words with Santa.

"Well, what did he say? I'm sure it was nice," continued the questioner.

"Huh," snorted Bobby. "He said, 'Get th' hell off'n that bicycle!'"

LEGIONNAIRE Mary C. McHale of Edith Work Ayers Post, Cleveland, Ohio, got a chortle—before the Jap assault, of course—out of a statement made by a speaker at the Post's banquet. "It's a great thing," he said, "to be living in a country where the only people the Army wants to beat is Notre Dame!"

WALLACE McCASLIN, Kincaid, Kansas, ex-gob, says a Fort Riley outfit went into violent convulsions in trying to execute a command "Hips on shoulders, place!" shouted by a young officer at his first physical exercise drill.

THIS one comes from Springville, Utah. C. H. Wilkinson tells of a friend who, some years ago, started out with a wagon load of freight to supply an Indian agency outpost. He had an Indian guide and a bottle of busthead liquor. They agreed to continue working on the bottle just as long as either could give the correct response to the inquiry: "What did the Governor of North Carolina say to the Governor of South Carolina?" After a while the Indian fell asleep; the driver, feeling the need of another

BURSTS ONE MAN'S BURST IS AND DUDS ANOTHER MAN'S DUD



"Certainly I heard the bugle call, and I'd say somebody is off key around here!"

drink, tried to arouse him. After pulling and shaking for a while, the guide opened one eye. The question was popped quickly before the big chief dropped back into his alcoholic snooze.

"Me Governor of Utah," solemnly announced the Indian, "me no talk."

ON THE day after the Brooklyn "Bums" booted the world's championship into the discard, says Jack Kregar of Hunts Point Post, New York, a friend who had taken the defeat to heart leaned up against a building on Times Square in Manhattan borough. A bookie asked him to hold down the place for a while and take all bets. Eddie wore a sorrowful, woe-begone countenance—the picture of down-and-out-to-rise-no-more defeat. A kind old lady saw him and, moved with compassion, pressed a half dollar into his hand with a word of courage. "Keep hoping," she said.

The next day the lady passed the same spot and Eddie was there to meet her. He wore a big smile and an all's-well-with-the-world expression. He hailed the lady and peeled a five dollar bill off a thick roll. Handing it to her he said: "That was a good pick, lady. Keep Hoping won easy—and paid nine to one."

SMARTEST simile of the month: "Quiet as the cash register in a suki-yaki joint."

THE late William A. MacCorkle, former Governor of West Virginia, was, in his young manhood, a very close friend of Devil Anse Hatfield, noted feud leader. Political ambitions stirred MacCorkle very early in life and he became a candidate for Governor. He relied on his friendship with Devil Anse to deliver the delegates from Logan County; a discussion with the clan leader disclosed that the old warrior was all for him, but when the county convention met other party leaders had notions of their own.

After he'd bucked the opposition for some hours, Hatfield arose, looked around over the crowd, then in a benign manner addressed the convention: "My fellow citizens," he said, "I have proposed instructions for my friend MacCorkle and you have not passed them, and you have broken up the convention two or three times, and I will say that if you don't pass them the next time, Brother Toler and I will go over to my house and get our Winchesters and we will see that justice is done."

The instructions, Governor MacCorkle always chuckled, were thereafter duly and promptly passed.

THE Aussie just about had his fill of London weather. It had rained constantly since his arrival on leave. Looking up in the sky, he saw a bunch of barrage balloons. "I wonder," he said, "why they don't cut every one of them loose and let the place sink."

The American Legion Magazine will pay one dollar for each joke accepted for Bursts and Duds. Address Bursts and Duds, The American Legion Magazine, 15 West 48th Street, New York City. Don't send postage, as no jokes will be returned.



"He used to own a junk yard!"

The AMERICAN LEGION Magazine

PRINTED IN THE U. S. A. BY THE CUNEO PRESS, INC.

In Times of Peace, They Learned for War

FOR some two-score years, the automobile builders of the country have been cultivating the art of progress through change.

Year by year they have pushed forward the quality and value of their product to the point where today's automobile dollar buys many times as much as it did even a single decade ago.

Even more important to the country now, however, is the mastery of productive skills this has given our automobile men.

They have learned not only how to clothe a car in comfort, power and streamlined beauty, but **how to build**, swiftly, efficiently and in tremendous volume.

Now that knowledge gives a keen edge to America's sword as the car builders complete the conversion of plants from peacetime work to wartime production.

They are building planes, tanks, airplane engines, trucks, rapid-fire cannon, machine guns, shells, cartridges—they are building a hundred and one things essential to complete and final victory.

Trained by their peacetime habit of progress, they have converted plants by the hundreds into busy arsenals from which pour the latest and best weapons of war in huge and steadily growing volume.

Their job isn't finished; much as they have accomplished already, they are just beginning to hit the full, all-out stride that will nail down total victory.

But automobile men are used to jobs that aren't finished. They have worked for 40 years on the automobile, and aren't through yet.

So you can count on them, as you have learned to count on the cars they build—teamed up with the rest of American industry they will give us the



(From the painting "We Shall Be Ready," by Jes Schloikjer.)

tools that we need to complete our present job.

And they will be ready then, once more in the forefront, to pick up the threads of peacetime progress and move forward with America and all the world to a still better and finer future.

The American Legion Magazine is proud to publish this message in behalf of the automotive industry now engaged in defense work.

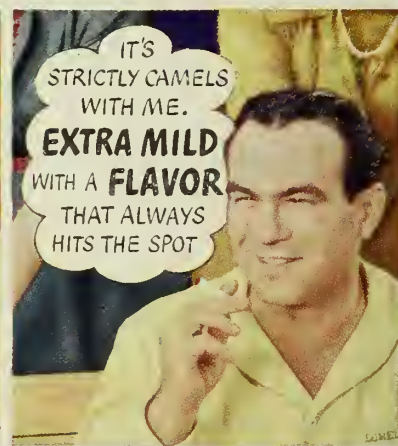
"SET 'EM UP" —FOR CHAMPION LOWELL JACKSON



AND SET UP THE CAMELS, TOO . . . Whether you're in there bowling yourself—or watching—nothing hits the spot like a cool, flavorful Camel

TALK ABOUT your wood-gettin' wonder! You're looking right at him—"Low" Jackson of St. Louis, 1941 All-American, captain of the world's match game champions, and possessor of one of the highest-scoring hooks in bowling today. Light up a slower-burning Camel and watch this champion in action.

THERE'S A SWIFT FLASH of the arm. The snap of a wrist. The ball whirls down the alley. Take a good long look at the way "Low" Jackson tossed that one—that's an All-American hook. Close to the gutter. Three-quarters down, she starts to break—straight for the slot. Watch it now—it's—



C-R-A-S-H! A perfect hit! The very sound of 'em falling sets you tingling all over. Like a homer with the bases loaded...a hole in one...like the full, rich flavor of a certain cigarette, it never fails to thrill. No matter how much you smoke, there's always a fresh, welcome taste to a Camel—for Camels are milder with less nicotine in the smoke.

THE SCORE-BOARD tells the story. More smokers prefer Camels...smokers like Lowell Jackson to whom mildness is so important...smokers who want a flavor that doesn't tire the taste...smokers who want more out of a cigarette than something to carry in hand or pocket. You'll never know what you've been missing until you smoke Camels.

TWENTY TIMES "Low" Jackson (*above*) has rolled the perfect score (300). Every time he lights up a Camel he smokes with the assurance of modern laboratory science that in the smoke of milder, slower-burning Camels there is less nicotine (*see below, left*). Get a package of slower-burning Camels today, and smoke out the facts for yourself.

The *smoke* of slower-burning Camels contains

28% LESS NICOTINE

than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—less than any of them—according to independent scientific tests of the smoke itself!

By burning 25% slower than the average of the 4 other largest-selling brands tested—slower than any of them—Camels also give you a smoking plus equal, on the average, to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!



Camel

—the Cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.